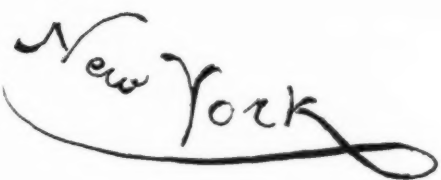
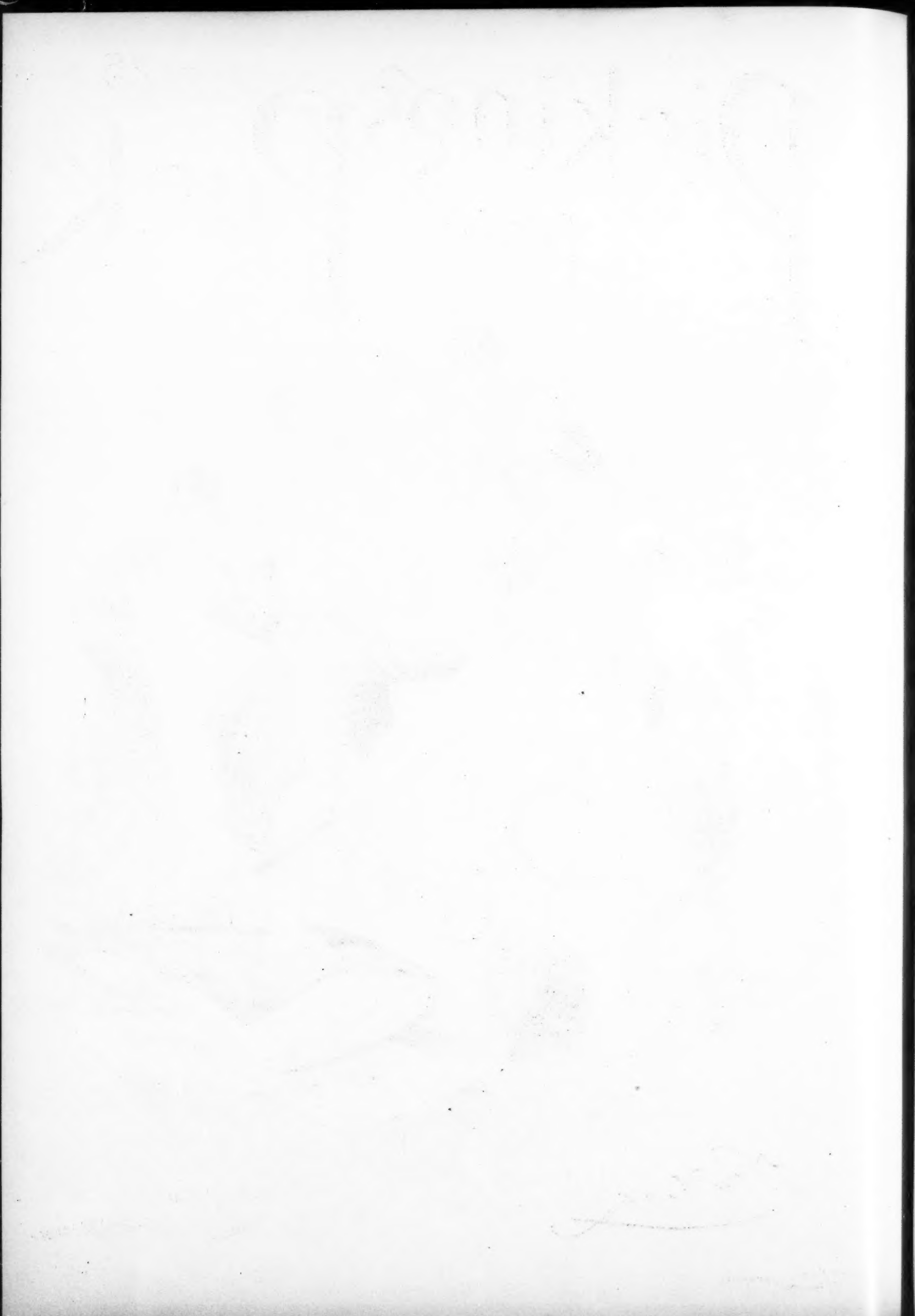


Pickings Price 25 Cents from Puck



Copyright 1889
By KEDDLER & SCHWARTZMAN.



FIFTH CROP.



BEING A

CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

PREËMINENTLY PERFECT PIECES, POEMS AND PICTURES

FROM

Puck

THE PIECES AND POEMS BY

R. K. Munkittrick, Williston Fish, W. J. Henderson, Bill Nye, Scott Way, P. H. Welch, J. H. Williams, E. Reed, Will J. Lampton,
A. W. Munkittrick, F. E. Chase, E. Frank Lintaber, H. C. Dodge, Salem Dorchester, John Van de Bogert,
F. Munan, W. E. S. Fales, R. W. Clarke, Ruth Hall, Eke Young, and others.*

THE PICTURES BY

*J. Keppler, F. Opper, C. Jay Taylor, Syd. B. Griffin, E. Zimmermann, J. A. Wales, M. Woolf, G. F. Ciani,
A. B. Shults, J. S. Goodwin, C. G. Bush, and others.*



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

PICKINGS 5TH FROM PUCK CROP.

Everything new! Everything new!
Here's PICKINGS FROM PUCK, 5TH CROP, for you!
Full of giggles and roars and smiles,
With little snickers chucked in 'tween whiles;
And not a giggle, a smile or a roar
That you met in One, Two, Three or Four.
Every crop in itself is a host,
And we can not quite tell which you'll like the most —

But of all these budgets of mirth
and jest,

The latest, we think, is a little
the best.

And so out your little round
quarter you chuck,

And cavort away with your

PICKINGS FROM PUCK.





THE HAPLESS GUEST.



AFTER I take my seat no waiter comes
To ask my order or remove the crumbs.
On lightning wings by me he oft doth pass,
But pours no water in my gaping glass.
Altho' I drum away with fork and knife,
I can not make him hear to save my life.
Ah! now I see him swiftly to me glide,
Like a toboggan down a white hill-side.

He takes my order, then he shoots away,
In half-an-hour returns with loaded tray,

And hurls the soup before me with a hum,
Leaving therein the impression of his thumb,

Then scales the check that hits me in the eye,
And for the kitchen like a hawk doth fly.

I'd like to own the waiter for awhile,
I'd —

* * *

The editor positively refuses to print what the
writer says he would do with the waiter.

STREET-CAR ETIQUETTE,

IF THE SEATS are filled and a lady enters the car,
gentlemen will rise and offer a seat. To retain your
seat, peer through the car-window as if you recognized
some old acquaintance on the street whom you had
not seen since boyhood; evince surprise and extreme
delight. To do this, it requires good acting. Or be-
come deeply interested in a newspaper, smiling occa-
sionally to give people to know that what you are
reading may be a revised chestnut or something similar.
Of the two tactics the latter is the more beautiful.

Rise and offer your seat, even if it is 6:30 P. M.,
and you are limp and hungry after your day's toil.

Always board a car when it is crowded, when the
driver and conductor are clinging to the dash-boards.
The more the merrier. There is always room for one more,
and it is a sad day when a street-car conductor does not
recognize this rule.

In your haste and confusion on boarding a car, and you
find it "jammed," be careful that you catch hold of the register

strap. Three or four nervous jerks on the register strap are four beers
thrown overboard.

Never fail to enter a street-car with a ten-dollar bill; if not a ten-
dollar note, a five-dollar bill will answer. Have nothing less in your
pocket than a two-dollar bill. Inwardly the conductor will get up a
prayer meeting. A street car conductor has no feelings.

If the conductor changes a bill of large denomination, do not blame
him if he empties his surplus small silver, of a day's gathering, into your
lap. Bear it. It is your fault.

Street-car conductors are only human. Some people imagine that
a street-car conductor is sheet-iron, riveted, and bound with steel bands.
This is an error.

To avoid all of the above, take the "L" road.

W. L. C.



SHE WAS ON HER DIGNITY.

GENTLEMAN (who is about to light a cigar). — Madam, most
ladies of the present day rather like the flavor of a good cigar — may I
take the liberty?

LADY. — Object to smoking, sir! Next, I suppose, you will ask
me to take a drink with you!

ONE LITTLE MAID AT SCHOOL.



ONE LITTLE MAID at school is she,
Only a school-girl, don't you see,
And little she knows, I must agree —
This little girl at school.
Lessons and teachers all the day,
But nothing seems in her head to stay,
For all her thoughts are far away —
Bad little girl at school.

But what do I care if you can stick
This dear little girl in arithmetic?
Away with it all to the very old Nick! —
This little girl at school
Needs nothing of figures, she whose own
Is the loveliest figure ever grown,
Or painted on cloth, or cut in stone —
Rare little girl at school!

She's rather weak in geography.
"How funny," she said one day to me:
"The equator must look on top the sea!" —
Sad little girl at school!
But what is the earth, I'd like to know,
That she need thought on the thing bestow?
'Tis enough if she touch it with her toe —
Gay little girl at school!

Her writing looks like the wild Chinese
That comes on a box of China teas,
Or just like a clothes-line in a breeze —
Poor little girl at school!

She has tried those wayward strokes to train,
But she gives herself but needless pain,
For how could such a pretty hand be
plain? —
Fair little girl at school!

What if her French and her German, too,
Would turn a Frenchman or German blue?
And her Latin prose is Greek to you —
Droll little girl at school!

I'm contented quite, I must confess,
If, when for an answer I shall press,
She knows enough English to tell me
"Yes" —
Shy little girl at school!

One little maid at school is she,
Would that her teacher I might be!
There's just one thing she would learn from me —
This little girl at school.
There's just one word I would teach, until
Its meaning sweet all her heart should fill,
That's what I would — and that's what I will —
You dear little girl at school!

J. P. Lyons.

A LESSON FROM AN ASH-BARREL.

A DISCARDED UMBRELLA and a rather sour-looking tomato-can being neighbors in an ash-barrel, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the umbrella: "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a rip in your side?"

"What is the use of rips," said the can, "if we can not keep them well covered? My rotundity of form is enveloped in that which stamps me as the very best in my set; consequently, I have entrance into the best society, while you, ever ready to keep the company of the light-fingered gentry, are now an outcast."

"You are a brazen, red-faced thing, a very dangerous character," said the umbrella: "with your head cut open and your neck almost



ANTI-PROHIBITION SPORT.

This party of gentlemen have just made their first haul, and are beginning to realize that there have been fishermen on the grounds before.

severed from ear to ear, and all the good that was in you gone to the pots long ago; your ambition can never rise any higher than a dog's tail."

"H'm," replied the can: "you never spread yourself on any thing but you were ignominiously shut up and set aside: you are the evil genius of men, an instigator of crime; now, in your faded silk-gown, buried in ashes up to your eyes, you are indeed a sorry sight; however, 'tis consoling to know that such an evil one can not live much longer."

"Why not?"

"Because you have always a stich in your side."

"You are a poor crooked creature; you can not bend without breaking your back."

"I will tear you in shreds if you insult me again."

"I will poke your eye out if you touch me."

While they thus conversed, a huge poker came into the barrel, caught the tomato-can in the eye, and threw it in the gutter, where a William-goat soon made short work of its tin head and brilliant



AMERICAN TOMATOS.

NEW ARRIVAL.—Faix, how ther devil kin won tell whin these tomatos be done, mum?

labels. The umbrella, after being stripped of all its worldly possessions, was soon cast by its side.

"Well, here we are," said the tomato-can; "whenever I lose my head I always get into a terrible stew."

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the umbrella; "misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the can, "for how much we resemble human beings, who never find out what they are to others till they lie down in the dust together, as we do."

That evening, after being whisked away, à la cart, they were both in the dumps.

Han Lee.

EVERY DOG may have his day, but during the dog-days the dog has no show at all.

IF THERE is one thing more than another that has the weird funereal flavor of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," it is an undertaker sitting in his store on a rainy night reading the death notices by the light of a smoky kerosene lamp.

THE EXHILARATION of being drunk in Philadelphia is said by those who have tried it to be very much like the exhilaration of being sober in New York. There is about that much difference in the two towns.

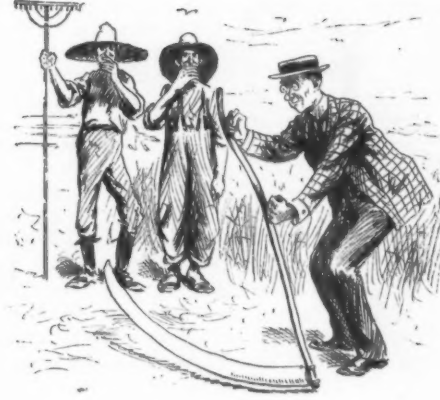
THE CITY BOARDER THINKS HE WOULD LIKE TO MOW.



"That 's easy enough — I can do that myself."



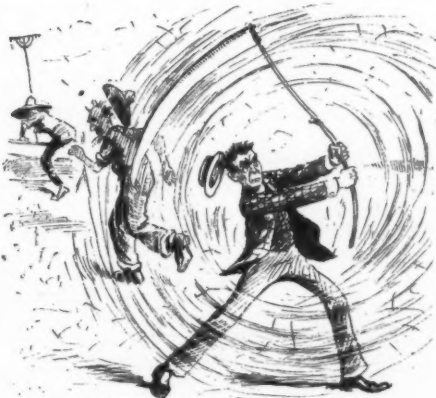
"How do you take hold of the thing, any way?"



"Here goes!"



"What the deuce ails the thing any how?"



"By thunder, I will mow!"



"What are those idiots laughing at, I'd like to know?"

THE BABY AT THE TABLE.

THE meeting was called to order at eight o'clock A. M., with the baby in the chair. After rapping the table violently, to secure the attention of those present, the chairman made a motion to upset the butter. The motion was seconded, but not in time, and the butter was carried.

The minutes of the last meeting were then read and disapproved. During the recital, the chairman emphasized his displeasure by throwing a muffin at the secretary. The report, however, was completed, and the muffin laid on the table.

The regular business of the meeting was then taken up. It was voted to allow the chairman a glass of milk, a muffin, and a small piece of steak. Exception being taken to the latter, it was allowed to take the floor in its own defense. The chairman demanded a larger piece, and, after a brief consultation, the demand was granted.

The matter of a bib for the chairman having been brought up, by the discovery that that article had been surreptitiously removed and deposited under the table, the nurse was requested to replace the same. The chairman objected, on the ground that bibs were unnecessary and undignified. Objection overruled and bib replaced.

At this point the chairman called attention to a large existing deficit in the supply of milk, and suggested an assessment on the cream-pitcher. It was thought best, however, to supply the deficiency from the diurnal endowment in the pantry, and the matter was discussed in a very animated manner by the chair-

man and several members of the convention. The chairman's objection was finally overruled, as a veto for cream only, and the bill was passed.

On motion of the nurse, the chairman was tied into his chair, to prevent his taking the floor — a very unparliamentary proceeding. Upon discovering this piece of strategy on the part of the opposition, the chairman was very indignant, and objected with such force and vehemence that his countenance became fairly florid. While emphasizing his remarks by successive gestures, he removed the cutlery, crockery and glass-ware from his immediate vicinity, and drew a large section of the table-cloth into his lap.

A motion to adjourn was hastily made by the nurse, and was participated in by the chairman. The meeting, thus being left without a quorum, was declared adjourned by the secretary, subject to the call of the chairman.

Paul Pastnor.



MODEST, BUT IRISH.

O'HOOIHAN.—Och, Laverty, here comes some ladies!

LAVERTY.—Ther divil! O'Hoolihan, rin up on ther bank, and war-r-r-thim aff!

A SURE CURE.

"Are you the proprietor of Dr. Coffin's Celebrated Consumption Cure?"

"Yes, sir — the present one."

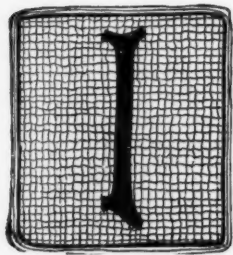
"Then your name, I presume, is Dr. Coffin?"

"No! I succeeded him. Dr. Coffin is dead. He died last Fall, of an incurable malady."

"Ah! I had n't heard of it. May I ask what he died of?"

"Have n't heard? He died of consumption."

THE SCARE-CROW'S TALK.



I AM A curious old soul, to be sure. I consist of a broom-stick, an old felt-hat, an older Prince Albert coat, and a red comforter. In short, I am a scare-crow. When I come to analyze myself, I am obliged to smile, because I am so incongruous in my make-up that I can not refrain from so doing. The broom-stick, of which my spine, neck and legs consist, used to be part of a pine-tree down in Georgia. Little birds used to sit on me and sing songs in the balmy spring-time. Frisky little squirrels used to caper about on me by the hour.

Then I was cut down, and worked up into boards. I often wonder where all those boards are. I should love to see them and have a talk about old times. When I had this straw, which now acts as my hair, fixed on, I was tied up with eleven other brooms, and sent to a grocery, where I was shortly after sold into a farmer's family. For a short time I swept clean. The cook used to brush down cobwebs with me, and also used me as a club to hasten the flight of the dog when he came into the kitchen. After I became too old to do any more sweeping, I was set outside, and occasionally little birds would come and perch on me, and make me think of my early life in Georgia. It used to make me sad, and once, when I was thrown up in a tree to knock some fruit down, and remained there, I felt happy. I did all in my power to try to sprout, but could n't. Oh, how I yearned to be grafted into that tree; but, alas, the wind blew me down, and then I was stuck up here, and dressed, I must confess, with horrid taste. Just look at me! A felt-hat, with a Prince Albert coat. What would Prince Albert say if he were alive? I ought to have a nice high hat. If they want me to wear a felt-hat, they should rig me up in a seersucker duster and a flannel-shirt. Or they might have put me in a Derby and a four-button cut-away. I love to see little scare-crows playing about the corn-fields, in their sailor-hats and Knickerbockers. It makes me sick, though, to have to watch a corn-field the whole Summer, without once letting up, and then have the crop fail. It feels so funny, though, to have my clothes nailed on. But I am said to have a very natural look. One day a bull got mad at my red comforter, and rushing up, rooted me out of the ground, and I laughed at him so hard that it almost broke his heart. On another occasion, a bull-dog came along to eat me up, under the impression that I was a trespasser. But as soon as he made a dive for my trousers, seat and found that I was as trouserless as a cannibal, he sneaked off, and died of grief and disappointment.

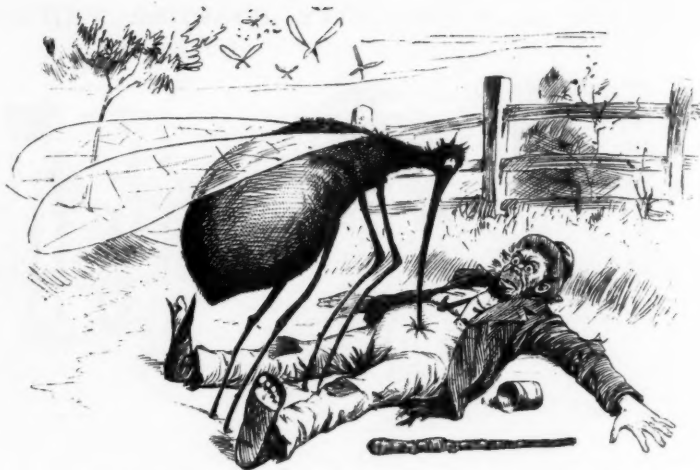
I have an empty whiskey bottle in my pocket, to make the crows think I am human, and fond of "old crow." One day an ancient raven actually had the hardihood to come down and take the hat right off my head, and fly off with it to make a nest in. Pretty soon the crops will be harvested and converted into corn-cake, corn-whiskey, and cornucopias, and then I shall have to stand here through the blizzards and snow-storms in nothing but my summer-clothes. Please excuse me, gentle reader, while I weep.

R. K. M.

A KANSAS CITY editor shot at a lawyer, but failed to kill him. The circulation of his paper is deservedly falling off in consequence of the failure.

THE WAIST OF TIME—
The Middle of an Hour-Glass.

DRY TOAST—"Success to Temperance."



THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

JERSEY SKEETER—JERSEY TRAMP.

HARTFORD IS now happy in the possession of a set of teeth two thousand five hundred years old. They are said to be in perfect condition. It should be remembered, however, that the owner of these perfect teeth died when the spring chicken was two thousand five hundred years younger than he is to-day.

A SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITY advises us that the hornet is the swiftest flying of the poison-giving insects. It is presumed that the discoverer of this fact, while out gunning in the woods, playfully blazed into one of their balloon-shaped nests, and was caught by the indignant hornets before he could get away.

IT WAS refreshing to note the action with which the dog shot down the stoop and across the lawn, to catch the cat who stood inverted like a horse-shoe by the fence. As she did n't move, the dog got her. Perhaps, gentle reader, you think the dog caught her in his teeth, but he did not. He was an eccentric dog. He caught her in his eyes—both eyes at once. And after the flying fur settled down on the landscape, the dog crawled under the piazza, and in the holy hush and cobwebs of the place, vowed that never again would he undertake to mop the earth with a cat, without first putting on a pair of goggles.

ORANGE CO., N. Y., became famous as a milk-producing region on account of the number of little streams passing through it, making pasturage more desirable than in other counties. We are well satisfied that Orange Co. is famous for its milk, but did n't suppose the little stream took such an active part in it.

No, MAUD, Mariana, the Tennysonian heroine, was not hunting up apartments when gazing athwart the gloomy flats.

THE MEN who are most in need of situations just now are playwrights.

A TUMBLE-DOWN AFFAIR—A Wrestling-Match.



UMPIRING MADE EASY.

A HINT FOR THE NEW YORK NINE.—GIVE THE UMPIRE A CHANCE.

THE TRAGEDY OF A TILE.



CALLAHAN (to HOSTESS).—Shure, Missus Cassidy, this is th' foineest house, an' th' mosht illigint parthy thot Oi iver attinded—an' Oi moight say, widout mekin' you phroud, thot yer th' quane av th' avenin'!



A Little Later.—Oi must be go'n' now, Mrs. Cassidy; did annywan see annythin' o' me hat?



MRS. CASSIDY.—Is *this* yer hat, Mither Callahan? (She had been siting on it for half an hour.)

THE BUTTERFLY.

SAGE.
OH, GAYLY-PAINTED BUTTERFLY,
Tell me, how fares the Spring to-day?
Do robins sing beneath the sky,
And blossoms burst along the spray?

BUTTERFLY.
Well, now, suppose you just find out
These various things your mind would scan;
I'm not employed to go about
And get up news for you, old man.

SAGE.
Nay, tell me, creature fair and fine,
Who carry freedom on your wings,
How soon will mortals see the sign
Of peace, and joy, and heavenly things?

BUTTERFLY.
The strikers are the chaps for you,
They'll show you freedom—when it comes.
I work twelve hours a day, I do;
Go on and ask those other bums!

SAGE.
Thou airy spirit, surely life
To such as thee can bring but joy;
Thou hast no turmoil, pain nor strife,
No bitter gall, thy sweets to cloy.

BUTTERFLY.
Old man, pull down your time-worn vest;
If you have any mundane cares
Just let your optics on them rest—
In English, mind your own affairs!

SAGE.
Nay, butterfly, yet pause awhile,
I would with thee to speak presume
Canst tell why Nature wears a smile,
While man must mourn in woe and gloom?

BUTTERFLY.
Good ancient, ere I swiftly flee,
A secret I will here disclose—
There's one thing you *can* learn of me:
To keep your mouth in sweet repose.

Earl E. Lyte.



CALLAHAN.—Is *this* me hat?! You murderin' ould thafe av a tinkher's hog, you know well it's me hat! Mrs. Cassidy, you have th' devil's own misherable shanty, an' me ould pig knows better how ter give a parthy! Mrs. Cassidy, yer face wud shtop a clock!! Mrs. Cassidy, yer no ledly!!! (Leaves in disgust.)

AN UNJUSTIFIABLE CRIME.

COLONEL GORE (of Arkansas, to a FRIEND).—Where is Jones? I have n't seen him lately.

MAJOR BLOOD.—Have n't you heard? Judge Coke had a little argument with him the other day, and stabbed him in the back.

COL. GORE (horried).—Stabbed him in the back? Why, that was assassination, sir. Why did n't he shoot him, like a gentleman?

STUDIED FROM LIFE.

"THANKS," said the tragedian, setting down his glass, and absent-mindedly pocketing my change, which lay upon the bar between us; "many thanks, for your good opinion. I always study from nature—from nature, sir. In my acting you see reflected nature herself."

"Try this cigar," said an admirer of nature, reverently. "Now, where did you study that expression of intense surprise that you assume in the second act?"

"From nature, sir—from nature. To secure that expression, I asked an intimate personal friend to lend me five dollars. He refused. 'This caused me no surprise. I tried several more. Finally I struck one who was willing to oblige me; and as he handed me the bill, I studied in a glass the expression of my own face. I saw there surprise, but it was not what I wanted. It was alloyed with suspicion that the bill might be a bad one. I was in despair."

"Well?" said the other, breathlessly.

"Then an idea struck me. I resolved upon a desperate course. I returned the five dollars to my friend the next day, and on his astounded countenance I saw the expression I was in search of. Make it very light this time."

F. E. Chase.

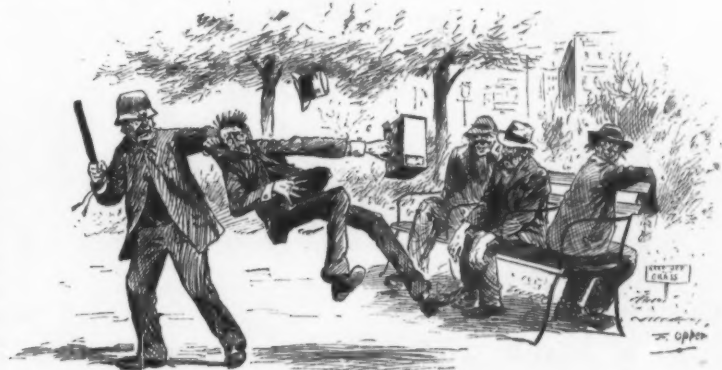
THE MORAL householder, on having his place put in order for the Summer, learns that even sods are not dirt-cheap.

UP IN VERMONT a barber was recently a participant in a prize-fight. He got badly lathered.

TAKEN ON THE SPOT.



ENTHUSIASTIC AMATEUR (with detective camera).—Ah-h! Here's a stunning group! I'll just catch it before they wake up!



MEMBER OF THE FINEST.—Come out o' that wid yer infernal machine! Ye'll wurruk no dynamite divilment in this par-t-k, while Dominick Cronin ripresents the lah!

THE DISTRESSED POET.

(Pantoum.)



WHERE is the rhyme that I need?
I have cudged my brains
for a word,
Without it I ne'er can proceed,
And to wait for it seems so
absurd.

I have cudged my brains for a
word,
I have thought of all rhymes
but the right one,
And to wait for it seems so absurd,
But at verse I was never a bright one.

I have thought of all rhymes but the right one,
(I wonder how great poets do?)
But at verse I was never a bright one,
When the Muse I've endeavored to woo.

I wonder how great poets do
When something inspires them to write.
When the Muse I've endeavored to woo,
I'm sure to get endings so trite.

When something inspires them to write,
Are they never at loss for a rhyme?
I'm sure to get endings so trite,
Though my thought may be really sublime.

Are they never at loss for a rhyme?
Do they never have trouble at all?
Though my thought may be really sublime,
The right word will not come at my call.

Do they never have trouble at all?
(How delightful to be a great poet.)
The right word will not come at my call,
I shall never succeed, and I know it.

How delightful to be a great poet,
How fine it must be to be clever.
I shall never succeed, and I know it,
Why not forswear rhyming forever?

How fine it must be to be clever,
But what must he do who is dull?
Why not forswear rhyming forever?
When every attempt is as null?

But what must he do who is dull,
And how shall he ever proceed
When every attempt is as null?
O where is the rhyme that I need?

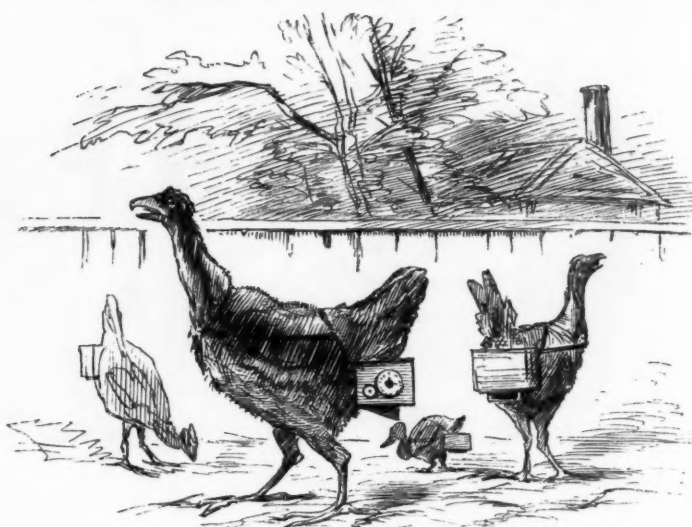
Oscar Fay Adams.



A BLOW TO A FREE-TRADER.

MRS. MURPHY. — Phat 's that? It's me bill, shure! Fur ther period av wan year, ivery day it's three or four p'anuts yez have purloined off av me shtand, and the grand total, fully footed up, makes the amount av sivinty-foive cints.

SCIENCE IN THE HENNERY.



No, gentle reader, you are mistaken. This is simply a little stamping attachment invented by our old friend Kott, by which a person purchasing eggs can tell to the minute when they were laid.

The upper picture shows attachment, and the lower the result.



RANDOM REMARKS.

THE BLUE-JAY is a pretty bird, but most people dislike him because he sucks the eggs of robins and other birds.

A boy recently robbed a blue-bird's nest, blew the insides out of the eggs, filled them with English mustard, covered the holes, and returned the eggs to the nest. A short time after a large jay flew to the nest and commenced operations.

But the jay evidently did n't have as keen an appetite for eggs that day, as usual, for after he had finished one, he put on a long, wry face, which seemed to loosen his feathers at the roots.

And then he set up a wild impromptu song that seemed a cross between a bag-pipe and the rasping ripple of an enraged cockatoo.

A MAN WHO thinks he knows, says that an umbrella will last far longer if, when wet, it is placed handle downward. That may be a good way to make them last, but the old time-tried scheme of keeping your eye on them, even in church, is very effectual, too.

IT IS SAID that you can remove a coffee-stain from damask by soaking it in milk. But we should think the best way would be to put some milk in the coffee in the first place.

A MEDICAL AUTHORITY states that an egg is equal to a pound of beef. But when the itinerant tragedian gets a Shanghai berry on the jaw during his most impressive scene, he thinks it equal to an entire wild bull.

IN THE bright lexicon of the book-agent there is no such thing as second-wind. The book-agent has only a first-wind, and that is so first-class that he never loses it.

"LET IT be remembered that we have no rulers in this country," says an exchange. We have n't, eh? Well, just circulate among your friends who are keeping house, and you will be convinced that there is a ruler, and she gets so much a month for ordering the family out of the kitchen, and telling them when she wants more coal and wood brought up from the cellar.





THE SUBTLE WHIP-TOP.

GENTLE SPRING brings the time of year when the small boy rises up in the morning, fires in an extra load of wheat cakes and indigestion, moistens the palms of his hands, and goes forth to wrestle with the subtle whip-top. The whip-top is more subtle than the other beasts of the field, and that is how it beguiles the heart of the small boy in the sweet and sloppy spring.

All the time that he does not spend in trying to steal, beg or borrow a ticket to the circus, he spends in lambasting a little red top with a piece of linen on the end of a stick.

I was walking down Sixth Avenue the other day, when I saw a boy mercilessly trying to knock out one of these tops in two rounds. As he did so, another boy came down the street and paused to gaze at the operation.

"What yer doin', Timmy?" he asked.

"Whippin' der top."

"Dat ain't der way ter whip der top."

"T ain't, eh? What 'n blazes does you know 'bout it?"

"Lemme show you, Timmy. Ah, I won't hurt der top! Give us der whip."

Boy No. 1 (whom I will call James, because that is a good Sunday-school book name, and this is a moral tale) doubtfully handed the whip to boy No. 2, whom I will christen John.

John proceeded, after the manner of *Koko*, to bare his big right arm. Then he drew back in an attitude that would have done credit to the Russian villain with the knout in front of the Ostrog in one of Hugh Conway's plays, and let drive at the top. The lash of the whip whizzed through the air. The end of it, in passing, just neatly flicked itself across the eye of a respectable clerical-looking old gentleman who was coming around the corner.

The way that old gentleman swore would have been enough to drive the English out of Boston, if they could have heard him. But the old gentleman's obnoxious remarks were unheeded, for the lash sped on and curled around the top. It lifted the top clear off the ground, and sent it whizzing through the air. That top, having left the lash of John, caromed forcibly on the nose of James.

"What 'n blazes yer doin'?" yelled James.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed John.

"Oh, yer t'ink dat 's smart, does yer? Wal, look out, I 'm a-comin'!"

And James sprang upon John with fire in his eyes and ten dollars' worth of assault and battery in his immortal soul. In about two minutes there were fifty men around. In two minutes more there were one hundred and fifty.

"Bet two to three on the red-headed boy!"

"The odds are the other way, but I'll go you five cases even."

"Done."

"Foul! foul!" yelled the adherents of the red-headed boy, whose name was James.

"No foul!" yelled the adherents of John.

"Who 's the referee?"

"I am," said a little man, with a fierce moustache, stepping out into the ring.

"Who are you?" inquired several of the swells in the crowd, bristling up.

"I'm 'Maginnis's Mouse.'"

"Oh, well, of course, then, you're the referee."

"Hi! look at the red-headed boy; he's chewing the other fellow's nose!"

"No, he's not."

"Leave it to the referee."

"Well, gentlemen, I decide that, although the red-headed boy has committed a gross breach of pugilistic propriety, this fight is a draw, and all bets are off."

"Oh, oh, shame! shame!"

"Lick the referee!"



SPEECHLESS ENJOYMENT.

WIFE.—Why are you so anxious for me to go down?

HUSBAND.—Why, for ten minutes you can't open your mouth.

No sooner said than done. In about two minutes the entire crowd was engaged in the liveliest kind of fight, and all the windows in the neighborhood were filled with excited spectators.

But where was the top?

Well, after hitting the boy, it had glanced off and smashed through the plate-glass window of a grocery store. A lady from the country region 'round about West 115th Street was in the store, and she promptly yelled "Fire!"

Thereupon the new clerk with the tall collar and the yellow bang exclaimed, "Oh, deah!" Then he jumped down an open hatchway into the cellar, where he was found, later in the day, up to his waist in a tub of butter.

The proprietor of the store, however, having more presence of mind, picked up the cat and dashed into the street, where he prevailed upon an officer to send out an alarm of fire.

By and by the engines came tearing down the street. The firemen spent five minutes hunting for the fire, and, of course, failed to find it. The policeman, by this time, had discovered the riot on the corner.

"Hi!" he called to the chief of the fire battalion; "there hain't no fire, but there's a riot. Suppose you squirt on that."

Two engines were put at plugs. Four lines of hose were run out, and a double Siamese pipe, sending the four streams through one nozzle, was attached.

"Let her go!" said the chief.

And they let her. In about two minutes the riot was a thing of the dead, dim past, and the street was cleaner than it had been in a month.

And all this resulted from the deluded attachment of a red-headed boy for a whip-top.

TRICOTRIN.



NOT KEYED HIGH ENOUGH.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF (to new CITY EDITOR).—Here you, sir—you're a fine man to be editing a paper in these days! You've let the *Sensation* man get the beat on us by two murders and a suicide and three elopements—and, by jingo, he's got two columns more of display heads than we have! Young man, you'll ruin the paper!!!

WE FREQUENTLY read of a calf being born with two heads, but it is always in an obscure town down South, and never in Williamsburgh or anywhere near New York. Come to think of it, these calves belong to the double-skull race, don't they?

THE MINCE-PIE.

THE MINCE-PIE is fair to look upon, pleasing to the palate, and interesting in its effects. There are two brands of mince-pie: the mince-pie of commerce and the home-made mince-pie. The mince-pie of commerce is sometimes fearfully, wonderfully made, and public confidence in it is weak. The home-made mince-pie is deep, full-chested, and gives off an inviting odor. It is full of one thing and another, and is the most reliable nightmare-hatcher that is made to tempt the palate of poor weak man. One plain, innocent looking mince-pie will furnish a large family with more than enough nightmares to go around three or four times.

I am a slave to the home-made mince-pie, though I well know its wicked ways. Time and again I have sworn off from allowing it to trifle with my feelings—have said I would not look upon it when it was ripe and gave its seductive odor to the air—but some thoughtless person would place a large piece of it in my way, and then I would sit down and open my countenance to it. The large piece of home-made mince-pie would pass away, and then I would feel the weight of remorse, and of all the other things of which a full-chested home-made mince-pie is composed. And in the silent night strange forms would come and sit on me, and otherwise amuse themselves with me. Ghosts of creditors long since gathered to their fathers would come and shake hands with me, and ask if I were going to settle before the general resurrection. Robbers would come, and, taking me playfully by the throat, would ask me where my coupon-bonds were hid, and untutored red children of the forest would come and want to cut my hair with a carving-knife.

Once I slept with a personal friend who had recently filled himself with mince-pie. I did not know about the pie until morning, or it should not have happened. He was a large, able athlete, and his nightmares were heavyweights. Along in the dark and silent hours I woke suddenly to find him sitting on my bosom, and with both hands grasping my sunny locks.

"Villain!" he cried, in a hard, cruel tone of voice; "I have you at last!"

I told him he had; but, if I could help it, it should not occur again.

I waked him with difficulty, and persuaded him to assume a more comfortable position. Again I was roused to find he had wrapped all the bed-clothes about him and gone to the extreme edge of the couch.



A CONFIDENTIAL APPLICATION.

MAMA.—Come, Ivy, and say your prayers.

IVY.—Please, Dod, make Ivy a dood little girl, an' don't tell Mama I 'tole the cake.

As the mercury was below zero, I remonstrated against that arrangement; but later, when I found my friend laboring under the delusion that he was cornered by a mad dog, and that I was the mad dog, I was sorry I had disturbed him.

Before consenting to share my couch with a friend or a total stranger, I now invariably ask:

"Have you eaten of mince-pie since last week?"

If he says he has, I do not trust him. One of my sound New Year resolutions is to not trust the victim of the mince-pie in the silent watches of the night.

I have all the excitement I need with my own personal mince-pie nightmares.

SCOTT WAY.

IN LANSING, MO., a young man named Verity blew off the top of his head with a shot-gun the other day. Now he is one of the eternal verities.

It is stated by an authority that melons are of Asiatic origin; but from the reckless manner in which Ethiopians expose themselves to bull-dogs and buck-shot to secure them, one would naturally conclude that they first grew in Africa.

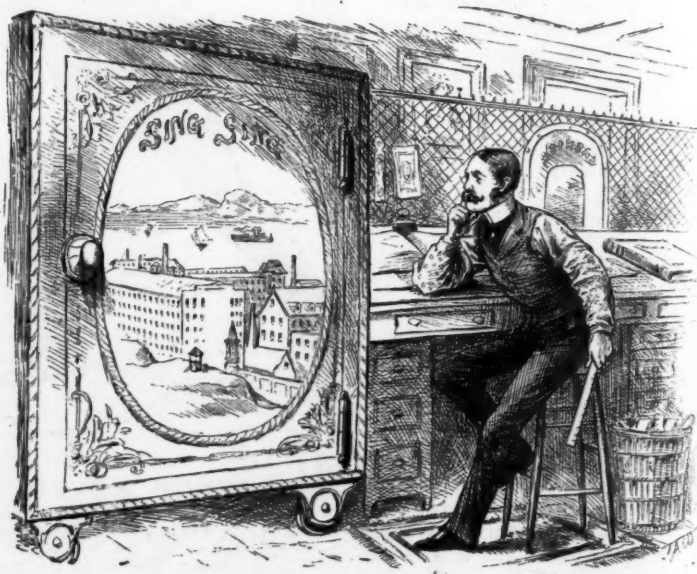
MOST PHYSICIANS claim that if people would only leave the table feeling hungry, instead of gorging themselves, there would be fewer cases of dyspepsia. It is not necessary for those who board to cut this out and paste it in their hats.

A NEW YORK newspaper man owns the glass, a long tumbler, from which Charles Dickens drank to the farewell toast given him on the steamer as he was about to sail to England. And, after all, gentle reader, what is it but an empty glass? And what does a New York newspaper man want of an empty glass? This is a curious world.

YOU SHOULD beware of forgetfulness, young man; for it is often fatal, as in the case of the school-boy who, upon recovering from the sound thrashing received, made up his mind that never again would he so forget himself as to rise and say in recitation: "My name is Dennis; on the Grampian hills," etc.

IT SEEMS a sad commentary on water to realize that in the Spring the river's head is swollen.

ART NOTE.



Why Can't the Safe-Builders Decorate their Wares with Appropriate Designs, Calculated to Turn the Burglar and the Bank Cashier from the Paths of Vice?

THE MADNESS OF LENT

Scene—Sixth Avenue Street-Car. *Dramatis Persona*—BLACK EYES AND BLUE EYES.



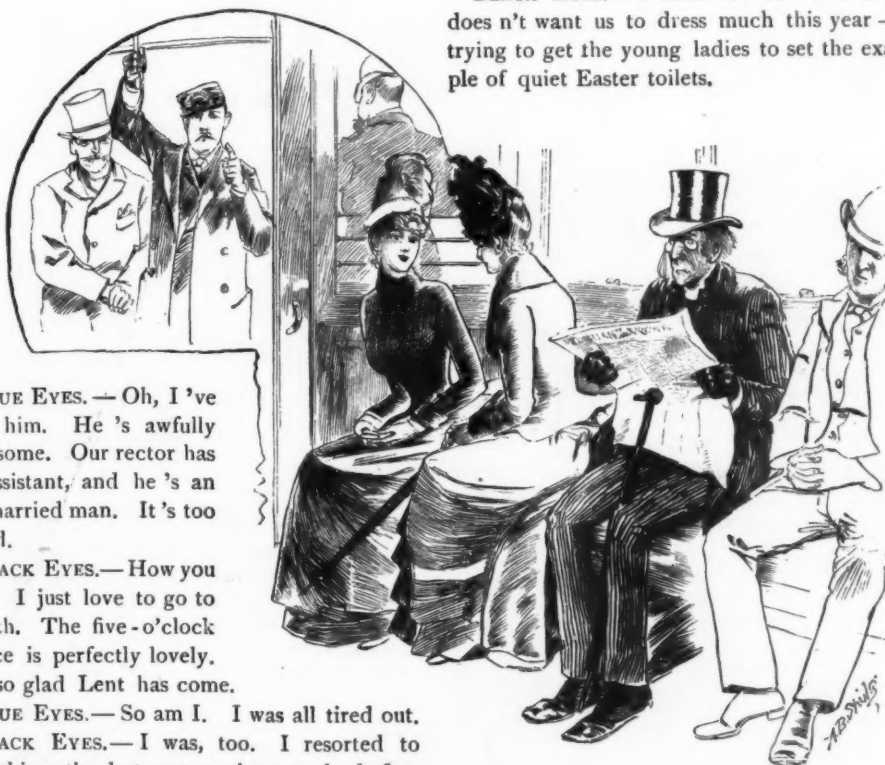
BLACK EYES.—Why, how do you do? I have n't seen you since Lent began.

BLUE EYES.—No; I'm awfully busy—church every day, and—

BLACK EYES.—Church all day, you mean. I go to early service and—

BLUE EYES.—Oh, you're High; we're Low, you know; but—

BLACK EYES.—Yes, I'm High; besides, Mr. Credo, the curate—



BLUE EYES.—Oh, I've seen him. He's awfully handsome. Our rector has no assistant, and he's an old married man. It's too stupid.

BLACK EYES.—How you talk! I just love to go to church. The five-o'clock service is perfectly lovely. I'm so glad Lent has come.

BLUE EYES.—So am I. I was all tired out.

BLACK EYES.—I was, too. I resorted to everything, the last two or three weeks before Ash Wednesday; kept up on quinine and beef-tea—

BLUE EYES.—Did you? I took massage treatment. And I had n't a rag left to wear.

BLACK EYES.—Nor I, positively. Mr. Stand-round marries Molly Wallflower soon, I hear.

BLUE EYES.—Yes; I'm to stand with her. Such a bore! We can't any of us go *décolletée*.

BLACK EYES.—Why not?

BLUE EYES.—Because Nell Needle, the maid of honor, is so scrawny, she won't.

BLACK EYES.—She can't, you mean. What have you given up this Lent?

BLUE EYES.—Novels; my eyes are very weak.

BLACK EYES.—I have given up meat. Mama has to have chicken, or fish, or a bit of terrapin every meal for me.

BLUE EYES.—You are brave. Have you seen those lovely new satines at Blank's?

BLACK EYES.—No. I'm going shopping this afternoon before church.

BLUE EYES.—They're too pretty. Mama and I selected six. We always get such summer dresses out of the way in Lent. Are you saving Easter-money?

BLACK EYES.—I expect to begin right away. I'm embroidering a cashmere for Easter Sunday, and it takes all my pocket-money to buy the silk and beads.

BLUE EYES.—I have n't much put away, either. I bought a parasol yesterday; that ruined me for this week. Eighteen dollars.

BLACK EYES.—I must see it. Mr. Credo does n't want us to dress much this year—is trying to get the young ladies to set the example of quiet Easter toilets.



really. A valse or two, perhaps, that one of the girls plays for. And we break up promptly at midnight.

BLACK EYES.—It must be great fun.

BLUE EYES.—Yes, and we wear the cutest little aprons, you know. I've a new one for Saturday, trimmed with lace and orange bows.

BLACK EYES.—Oh, I'll join. I've got some embroidered mull that will be lovely for an apron. And I'll wear white bows, I guess. Good-bye, now. I get off at the next corner, and I've got to rush, too, to get to the dress-maker's, and over to church in time for the twelve o'clock service.

BLUE EYES.—Oh, never mind if you are a little late!

BLACK EYES.—Yes; but the seats are free at this service, and unless I'm early our pew is sure to be full of strangers, and that's horrid!

BLUE EYES.—So I think. I like my own pew; the cushions are just right to kneel gracefully. Well, good-bye.

BLACK EYES.—Good-bye.

BLUE EYES.—Good-bye.

BLACK EYES.—Good-bye. Oh, Jen, I forgot! Do you think hussar pompons will be used this spring?

BLUE EYES.—So all the swell milliners say. I shall have one.

BLACK EYES.—Shall you, really? Well, I don't know; I can't decide.

BLUE EYES.—Don't, right away. You've got till Easter to think it over.

BLACK EYES.—Thanks, awfully. Good-bye.

BLUE EYES.—Good-bye.

P. H. Welch.



WE ASSIST OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES.

The Newspapers are Publishing Articles on "How to Get Out of Bed Properly."—Here are a Few Ways Very Much in Vogue.



The Get-Up-and-Build-the-Fire Style.



The College Freshman Style.



The Style of the Small Boy in the Country.

BUSINESS.

Boy.—P. Please, 'm, help.

Old Lady.—What do you want, boy?

B.—Please, 'm, some cold vittles and a couple cents to buy some coal wid.

O. L.—Have you no father?

B.—Yes, 'm; but he feil on de razor de udder day and broke 'is leg.

O. L.—Gracious me! But what does your mother do!

B.—Oh, she 's hittin' de pipe mos' de time.

O. L.—Eh?

B.—Yes, 'm, hittin' de pipe; when she ain't hittin' de pipe she 's cleanin' de growler.

O. L.—Hitting a pipe! Cleaning a growler! What can the boy mean? Have you no sisters or brothers?

B.—Oh, yes, 'm. I got a sister; but she 's got a beau, and she 's done for business.

O. L.—H'm. But your brothers?

B.—Oh, I got a brother; but he 's in de mock auction business.

O. L.—Mock auction? What is that, boy?

B.—Please, 'm, I don't know. Some cold vittles, please, 'm.

O. L.—Can't he help support the family?

B.—No, 'm; he sez as how all his perkesites goes to de perlice. Some cold vittles, please, 'm.

O. L.—Well, well, well; but who supports the family?

B.—I does, 'm, as well as I can.

O. L.—You?

B.—Yes, 'm, me. Please, 'm, some cold vittles.

O. L.—But what do you do?

B.—What do I do? Why, what am I a-doin' now? Please, 'm, some — M. H. B.



The Cheap Furniture Style.



The Folding-Bed Caper.

WALKING.

"It's awful—awful," groaned Smith, with despair in his voice. "Note due to-morrow—three hundred dollars—can't pay it. What on earth I am to do is more than I know."

"Why not let the other fellow walk?" inquired Brown.

"Let the other fellow walk?"

"Oh, certainly! Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Smith, striding up and down in great nervous excitement. "He is walking. I'm the other fellow."

TWO KINDS OF ADVICE.

"That's very odd, Doctor. Several months ago you advised me to go to Florida, and now you advise me to stay at home."

"That's all right, my boy. I gave you advice then as a physician. I advise you now as a friend."

A GENEROUS EDITOR.

All poets are not jealous. Mr. Spigott, the distinguished Metropolitan poet, is spending an hour in the office of his friend Speers, editor of the *Weekly Yokel*, published in New Jersey, and, to pass the time, dashes off a two-stanza poem in his best style.

"If you can use this poem, Speers," he observes, condescendingly, "you are welcome to it."

"Use it, my boy?" replies the editor, amiably. "Why, of course I can. I'll do more," he adds, affably; "I'll sign my name to it."

SOME OBSTINATE MEN.

A newly passed law in Australia prohibits funerals on Sundays. It is made unlawful for a man to die after Friday and before Sunday; but very few men, when their minds are made up to die on Friday, can be swerved from their purpose by any such law as this. Some men are very obstinate about some things.

It is related of Mozart that he began to play the piano at the age of three. That was all very well in Mozart's time; but what the world is throbbing for now is pianists who will swear off at that age.

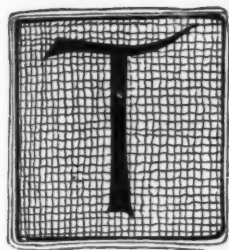
SOME FOOLISH person asserts that there is not enough dignity about American politicians. This is simply absurd. When Aldermen command thirty thousand dollars each at private sale, there ought to be no complaints on this score.

A WESTERN EXCHANGE tells of a "fight with hostile Indians." This surprises us. Judging from the reports which reach Congress after the fight is over, all the Indians are peaceable.



The Way the Baby Gets Out of Bed.

A JERSEY CYCLONE.



HERE is a recklessness about a Jersey cyclone which at once appeals to the sensibilities of the uninitiated. During the prevalence of one of these lung-teasers which visited our town without license or the services of an advance agent, I occupied a position where an uninterrupted view of the proceedings could be maintained, as I thought, without being crowded, or assailed by the peanut-shucks from the gallery. I had read the prognostications of weather prophets from time to time, and waited patiently for a rare opportunity to visit Jersey and gather in a few shares of one of her boss cyclones.

This species of entertainment always finds more patronage outside the home circle than within. It is a malignant type of the outside show, which is by far wilder than the wildest Wild West show that was ever blown across the area of our territory with a long-haired leader. The average out-of-door perennial show, which comes identified with emblazoned fence-posters, can usually be "run off" under a canvas covering something more than an acre of corn-field; but you could not crowd the after-attraction of one of these March visitors into ten times that amount of space. Free shows always draw better than those which charge an entrance admission fee. This is why the Jersey cyclone has been so successful of late.

I have saved the pain and dishonor of a lawsuit with my hayseed neighbor by a means which I know Providence alone ordained specially to serve my purpose. This man had concluded last haying-time to economize space by building a hay-rick against my house in such a way as to obscure the light from the best window I owned. While I was on my way to consult a lawyer about the matter, I saw the sky taking on an olive-green tint; then the dust rose up, squirmed about for a while, and tried to settle down again; but the cyclone caught and flung me against a tall fence with great playfulness, and I had scarcely become disentangled from the rails, when I saw my neighbor's hay-rick sailing like a balloon above me, and, notwithstanding my devotion to gathering up my lost energies, I watched the great cone-shaped mass wending its way across the inky horizon, and became happy. I heard, several days later, that it was still traveling in a south-easterly direction.

There is another eccentricity about the Jersey cyclone; it makes itself its own confidant. You never know it is coming; but you may best expect it when "Old Prob" denies its approach. I have had an experience of eight days with this style of grand uncertainty, and have been taught to realize that a cyclone is advancing when the sky assumes a genuine bath-brick hue. This is caused by the peculiar tint of the Jersey soil, which, when it rises, gives the sky this strange color. I give you this "tip" so that you will not think you have struck a phenomenon when you are caught unawares, and thrown within reach of the burliest bull-dog in town.

Washerwomen in our district have become despondent and morose of late, since the March zephyr can strip more whole washes from their

lines than twice their number could hang out. This fact never became more painfully apparent to me than when first advised of a shirt bearing the initials A. W. M. having been found clinging to a currant-bush on a farm in an adjoining county. The loss of the shirt was not so bad; but it carried its identity with it.

Our pet spaniel has not been home for three days. He was last seen bucking against the wind a mile away from our friendly abode, having been carried off on the breeze while trying to tree a cat. The cat has also disappeared, and it is believed she is still clinging to the blizzard, and afraid to drop off.

I was asked to give an estimate of how fast the cyclone was traveling on one of its best days. Being somewhat excited with the experience of the day before, I replied, in an unguarded moment: "Seventeen miles per minute." This estimate was printed in the *Daily Visitor*, the day following, as coming from an authority. I felt torn up when I saw such an assertion credited to me, and was compelled to publish a contradiction in the next issue, to the effect that the wind at the time specified was actually traveling thirty-eight miles per second.

When you feel disposed to investigate into the true inwardness of

the genuine Jersey cyclone, you want to banish from your mind all prejudices caused by the often told tales of the Western blizzard, and settle down for something worth your waste of vitality.

If you have punched sand-bags, and spent years of hardship with the coast patrol, then you may feel inspired with sufficient confidence to enable you to brace up to the occasion. Otherwise, stay at home, and bury yourself against the cellar furnace, and listen to the æolian rhapsodies, as they are wafted to your ear through the draft-pipe extending to the chimney.

A Jersey cyclone is a splendid thing to look at, a noble thing to get mixed up in, and one of the most thorough exponents of scientific rough-and-tumble thumping that you ever came in contact with. And, besides all this, it gives you the largest number of dislocated shutters and fence gates to hunt up, of any thing of a similar nature which I could suggest.

A. W. Munkittrick.



A BULB OF blown glass found in an Egyptian tomb, upon being

accidentally broken, gave out a powerful odor of onions. This shows that free lunches were familiar to the subjects of Thotmus III., and instructs us not to eat this fragrant vegetable within two thousand years of our appearance in decent society.

THE GAMBLERS say "money talks." And so it does. As a conversationalist, money ranks very high.

WE SHOULD think a shad would be pretty confident of a thing when it feels it in its bones.

THE CONGREGATION of a Massachusetts country church recently gave a pie-party. Each lady baked a pie, and all the pies were sold in the church parlors, and a large sum collected therefrom. The names of the pie-bakers, however, were carefully concealed, as the unmarried ladies did not desire to ruin whatever chances of marrying they might have



REFLECTIONS OF MY UNCLE.

A MOUNTAIN OF ADVERSITY may make us think that we hate life, but a gleam of a smile from prosperity convinces us that we love the jade and the world as much as ever.

—It is a paradox that loose habits stick tighter to a fellow than any other kind.

—Praise is the handmaid of Virtue, and the maid is much more generally wooed than the mistress.

—It is Beauty's privilege to kill Time, and it is Time's revenge to kill Beauty.

—Even more so than "the half being better than the whole," is it in the case of whiskey. None at all is better than three barrels full.

—Health, with many, is like a toy to children; it is sought for and obtained, only to be at once broken up by the possessor.

—We consider our sins less because they are common, and value our enjoyments more because they are exclusive.

E. Reed.

NOT ALWAYS SYNONYMOUS.

Boy.—Pa, do the words low and vulgar mean the same thing.

Pa.—Not always. Low is often used as the opposite of high. For instance, my son, there is the dress your mother wore to the party last night. It is cut low in the neck, not high; but there is nothing vulgar about it. Er—oh, no.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.



There was a Dear, Nice, Benevolent Old Hebrew Gentleman who Attracted Considerable Attention on the East Side of Town Lately by Giving Away Base-Balls to the Small Boys —

A GOOD BUSINESS MOVE.

"What business are you engaged in now?"

"Have n't you heard? I have become a Socialist."

"And given up your shoe-store? That was a bad move, I should say. You will starve to death."

"Starve to death? That shows what you know about it. I never was making more money in my life. I sold ten kegs of beer last night, and took in fifty-five dollars for hard liquor. Starve, indeed!"

NO PLACE FOR A CHILD.

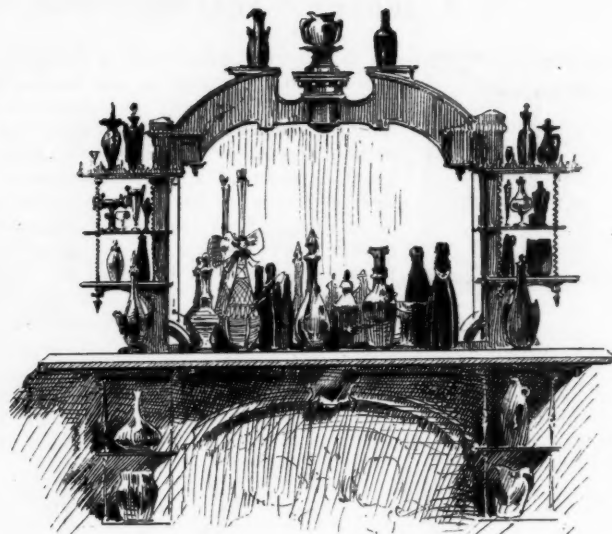
VISITOR.—How old is your girl, Aunt Lucy?

AUNT LUCY.—Dat chile am fi' yeah old, sah, on de fo'th ob dis month.

VISITOR.—Indeed? Five years old? You will soon be sending her to a kindergarten, I suppose?

AUNT LUCY (with virtuous indignation).—Nebber, sah; I uddent go neah one ob dem ah ga'dens myse'f, let 'lone sendin' a little chile. No, sah!

A NEW ENGLAND architect has been arrested for dishonesty. Perhaps the cost of the building exceeded the original estimates. We never heard of such things.



AN EXPLANATION.

"No, Robert, this is not a drinking-saloon bar; only some fashionable *bric-à-brac*, on a mantel-piece."

GUESSED IT AT ONCE.

"You look sad, sir," observed the country barber, sympathetically, to the phenomenally sad patient in the chair; "Member of the theatrical company, sir?"

"Yep."

"Ah! Heavy tragedian?"

"Nop."

"Oh, yes. I know. Sentimental lover, sir?"

"Nop."

"Oh, yes. I knew it at once. Had lots of experience, sir, with actors. I'm a great judge of human nature, too, sir, if I do say it. You're the comedian, and that's the reason you look so sad. All you funny men look sad off the stage. You are the comedian, are you not?"

"Nop."

"No? May I ask, then, what you do?"

"Post bills."

SOMETHING TO GUESS FROM.

"To get an idea of the enormous circulation of our paper," said an editor, pointing to the sworn statement on the editorial page, "just cast your eye over those figures."

"Yes," was the reply, "that possibly gives an idea; but is n't it a very faint one?"



But it was Noticed that the Dear, Nice, Benevolent Old Hebrew Gentleman Always Appeared the Next Day with a "Glass-put-in" Outfit, and did a Rushing Business.

THE MODERN STAGE.

SMITH AND I attended a spiritualistic *seance* recently. Smith is a believer; I am a scoffer. The medium asked Smith if he wished to be put in communication with his mother-in-law.

"No, no," said Smith, with a shudder; "let her rest. I prefer her that way."

I told the medium that if it did n't entail too much trouble and expense, we should like to have an interview with the late William Shakspeare. The lights were turned down, and in less than fifteen minutes the curtain of a cabinet was drawn aside, and the materialized form of the late Bard of Avon stood before us. He wore a grave air and grave clothes, but he did n't resemble the portraits of the immortal William to any appreciable extent; and I called Smith's attention to this fact.

"Why, you idiot," he pleasantly replied, "did you ever see a newspaper portrait that resembled the original as much as it did any other man?"

Smith had me there.

When the medium asked me if we wished to propound any questions, Smith suggested that Shakspeare give his impressions of the modern drama. The materialized form called for the latest issues of the daily press, and, opening a New York journal, he mused:

"Methinks that during all the two hundred and seventy years my bones have been crumbling in the tomb, the stage must have materially improved in the quality of its plays. Abler and more cultured minds of these later days have produced such brilliant work, such masterpieces of dramatic art, that my crude and commonplace efforts of three centuries ago doth not please the refined and educated taste of the present time. Something deeper and more ennobling, throbbing and burning with eloquence, is demanded; but wherefore should



I complain? My work, albeit lacking in motive and finish, perchance, was good enough for its day. Advanced civilization and advanced thought have, no doubt, given the stage a repetition of dramatic work breathing scholarly refinement and exquisite, glowing imagery. Peradventure the character of this work may be estimated from the titles of the pieces now filling the prominent playhouses in your leading cities."

And the materialized William turned to the condensed list of amusements in the New York paper, and read:

NIGHTLY'S THEATRE. — "Assorted Cucumbers."

BEJOVE THEATRE. — "A Bob-Tail Flush."

NIBBI'S THEATRE. — "Fun in the Kitchen."

PARQUE THEATRE. — "The Patched Trousers."

"Gos — now beshrew me!" quoth the Bard, a little confused, throwing aside the paper with a perplexed look; "if the taste of the modern play-goer is more refined and exacting, then these titles do ill befit the plays. They are tinged with a flippancy that doth bespeak a lack of intellectual power. But let us see what form of mental pabulum the Philadelphian doth sup on."

And picking up a Quaker City journal, the materialized dramatist said:

ENGLISH WALNUT STREET THEATRE. — "The Crazy-Quilt."

PRANUT STREET THEATRE. — "A Brace of Goats."

BUTTERNUT STREET THEATRE. — "A Toy Blunderbuss."

HAZELNUT STREET THEATRE. — "Aunt Chloe's Hut."



THE DANGERS OF TYPE-WRITING.

DRAMATIC AUTHOR. — Madam, here is the MS. of my latest comedy, which I wish type-written; you did my other one very well.

MANAGERESS OF TYPE-WRITING ESTABLISHMENT. — Excuse me, sir, we can not do it. The girl who wrote your other play, poor thing, is now in the insane asylum from the effects of it.

"Great Sco — er, that is, O faith!" ejaculated the astonished William; "neither do these titles betoken great mental depth. But, as I once observed, on another occasion, 'What's in a name?' These plays by any other title might prove as trashy. Now let us learn what the gigantic mind of Boston, the abode of culture, craves. In this modern Athens the poor bard of Avon might once have pleased, but now certes something more classical and soul-lifting is sought."

And Shakspeare opened a Boston paper, and read:

EARTH THEATRE. — "The Saloon on the Corner."

HUB MUSEUM. — "Our Hash-House."

BLANK THEATRE. — "Lit Out by the Rays of Pale Luna."

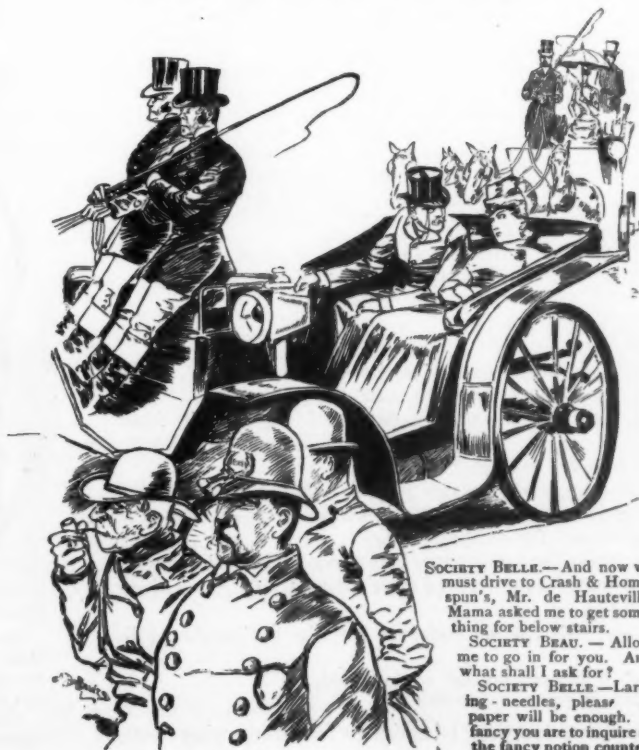
DASH THEATRE. — "Grand Slugging-Match Between Sullivan and Mickey the Hustler."

"Now, by jing — by Heaven! I like not this. And yet did my prophetic soul tell me truly! These modern plays, whose frivolous titles do here confront me, are not the offspring of massive intellects, I ween. The contents of the egg cannot be rightly judged from the color of its shell; but when an offensive odor doth ooze therefrom, we are easily persuaded that there is something unwholesome in Denmark."

And, with a look of deep disgust, the materialized Shakspeare threw down the Boston paper, and faded away so rapidly that I failed to get an opportunity to ask him whether his plays were written by himself or by Mr. Bacon, deceased. Smith was deeply impressed by the interview; and when I reminded him that there was something anachronistic in Shakspeare's remarks, and that the materialized spirit of George Washington, which appeared later in the evening, looked enough like the former to be his twin-brother, Smith said we should n't try to penetrate into the mysteries of the unknowable.

J. H. W.

FASHIONABLE SHOPPING.



SOCIETY BELLE. — And now we must drive to Crash & Home-spun's, Mr. de Hauteville. Mama asked me to get something for below stairs.

SOCIETY BEAU. — Allow me to go in for you. And what shall I ask for?

SOCIETY BELLE. — Larding-needles, please. A paper will be enough. I fancy you are to inquire at the fancy notion counter.

GIRLS SHOULD be sweet, like candy; and candy should be pure, like girls. There's a combination that is a combination.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

CHAPTER I.



FIRST NEW YORK MAN (to BOSTON MAN, whom he meets on Broadway).—Ah, there! Howdydo? Just over from Boston? Where are you stopping?

BOSTON MAN.—I'm stopping at the Saint Cloud.

FIRST NEW YORK MAN (quite flabbergasted).—W-h-a-t? Saint Cloud? Saint Cloud? Is that the way they talk over in Boston—right under the shadow of Harvard College—the home of the Muses—the Literary Centre? Don't say Saint Cloud, my boy. We call it San Cloo, over here. Say San Cloo, I prithee.

BOSTON MAN (subdued).—Oh, beg pardon. I'm at the San Cloo, then.

(They separate.)

FEARFUL THINGS.

DESIRING to sup full of horrors, and looking over the bill-of-fare for something especially tart, the poet suddenly exclaims:

"T is a fearful thing in Winter to be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder: 'Cut away the mast!'"

'T is, 't is it? I don't think 't is. To hear a "rattling" trumpet thunder might strike a sane man as a trifle abnormal; but it would not particularly frighten him whether it thundered "Cut-away the mast," or "Prince Albert the ship's husband." And it is no more fearful, *aussi loin que je puisse voir*, to be shattered in the blast than to be shattered in the upper story.

There are many things more fearful than this one imagined by the poet. Unconsciously he points out one of them himself:

"We are lost!" the captain shouted, as he staggered down the stairs."

Drunkenness is, indeed, a fearful thing. In this instance, it betrayed the captain into choosing his language from a dime-novel. After procuring the drink which he staggered downstairs for, he probably stated that they were "foiled," or even "baffled."

But if we would contemplate really fearful things, we can not go amiss. War is full of them.

It is a fearful thing to have a cannon ball, in Winter, strike off both legs—of your horse—just as you have nerved yourself to eclipse the record for a rapid retreat.

It is a fearful thing for a captain to see a brave lieutenant stricken down at his side, when, if the lead had but swerved a hair's breadth, it would have severed the cardiac artery of a major, and given the captain his long-delayed promotion.

It is a fearful thing, when your fate runs with the seconds, to find the barber-shop full of Esaus.

And a fearful thing, in Summer, 't is to hear, through windows wide,
The nation's total stock of air right through a cornet slide.

It is a fearful thing to be in secret a pretty girl, and then to find your friends drawing comparisons between you and an adobe fence.

It is a fearful thing for a young man to be so intellectual and poetic that people shake their heads and give him up—for an idiot.

It is a fearful thing to be conglomerated in a railroad accident; to have your ribs driven into the ground, your neck broken and your clothes considerably frayed just as you are making a trip to visit your best girl. And then, would it not crown your discomfiture to find the track from New York to Chicago passing *via* your diaphragm, so that you would have to go to one town or the other to get off the string? It would.

And it is not at all nice—now, suppose you are all ready to go somewhere—to church or anywhere, and it comes up a storm and thunders and lightens, and the grass gets wet and the electric fluid hits you some place and kills you, so you can't go, and you leave a widow—that is very bad, especially if she is a very pretty widow that you were just about to marry, and she is worth a million dollars, and you are not, so that you love her with a love that is more than love, and believe that Shakspeare wrote: "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediment" anticipating your own case.

But the most fearful thing was a fearful thing that befell a gentleman of Vermont during the late Rebellion. He rather thought the cruel war would be over in a few days, and so, instead of procuring substitutes for his six sons, he allowed them to proceed to the front. He said it would be only a nice trip for the boys. But at the end of four years, when the boys had all been slain, and the country demanded the old man, he rather thought the cruel war would be prolonged beyond any time he could reasonably spare from his business. He therefore made the substitution. It cost him a thousand dollars, and the next day peace was declared.

In discussing the matter afterward, he confessed that, in some respects, it had not proved so nice a trip for the boys as he had anticipated; still, they had sold their lives dearly, and he had a return in the thanks of a grateful country.

But there was always a lingering suspicion in his mind that the substitute had sold *him* a little more dearly than a proper regard for symmetry seemed to require.

Williston Fish.

CHAPTER II.



SECOND NEW YORK MAN (to same BOSTON MAN, whom he meets further down Broadway).—Halloo! Howdydo? Just over from Boston? Where do you put up?

BOSTON MAN (who has learned something).—I'm at the San Cloo.

SECOND NEW YORK MAN (transfixed with wonder).—Oh! Ah! Oh! San Cloo, eh? That's Bostonese, is it? Baked beans—Trinity Church—Frog Pond—John Sullivan—Floods—Harvard College. Don't say, San Cloo, me boy. We call it Saint Cloud, over here. Say Saint Cloud, I beseech thee.

BOSTON MAN (with emotion).—Oh, beg pardon. I'm at the Saint Cloud, then.

(They part.)

CHAPTER III.



THIRD NEW YORK MAN (to same BOSTON MAN, still further down Broadway).—Ah! Howdydo? Just over from Boston? Where are you stopping?

BOSTON MAN (paralyzed).—Well, I'll be dummed if I know!

(They sever.)

A REGRET CARD.



I.
BE KERCHIEFS COSTLY, be they cheap,
Hem-stitched or plain, I still must weep—
Must weep right on, for I look back
Upon a wrecked, vice-blasted track.

II.
O Greedy Maw—so-called—of Time,
Why hide you not my life of crime?
O Dainty Lips—I'll call you so
If you'll but hide the vice I know:

III.
To play the wicked pool called "wet,"
To chew and smoke, to drink, to bet,
To swear, to loaf, to play at cards
And call my fellow-creatures "pards";

IV.
To fall in love, to flirt, to fish,
For soup again to pass my dish,
To love a "mill," to beg a pass,
And at the ballet use a glass;

V.
To sit up late, to read in bed,
(Not heeding what my parents said,)
Then lie asleep while lone *Aurore*
Entr' ouvre the morning's golden door.

VI.
Oh, heavens, that I ne'er had learned
These things that in my soul have burned!
I reap the wind! Oh, biting pain,
To know I ne'er can learn again!

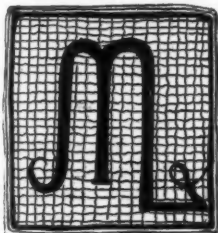
VII.
Time gulfed my virtues, all the lot.
And, Time, you know I caviled not.

You left my vice: O cruel wight!
To show such partial appetite!

Williston Fish.

A NEWSPAPER DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

Office of the Daily Item.—April 5th.



MANAGING EDITOR.—I have had enough of your senseless stupidity, Mr. Jones, and won't stand any more of it.

MR. JONES (*police reporter*).—Sir?

MANAGING EDITOR.—Yes, sir. You are probably the most inefficient reporter in the country. You haven't had a single item right since you have been here, and we have three libel suits on hand caused by your beastly blundering. You can go downstairs and get your week's wages and leave the office; and, by the way, you need n't come back until you are sent for.

Paragraph in the Weekly Newspaper-Men's Organ.—April 7th.

We learn that Mr. G. St. George Jones, the talented and brilliant young journalist, who has been filling the position of police reporter on the *Daily Item* for some months past, has severed his connection with that paper. Mr. Jones is at present undecided what he will do in the future; but whatever it may be, he has our best wishes.

Office of the Daily Paragraph.—April 10th.

MR. JONES.—I am sure I would suit you, sir. I was police reporter on the *Item* for six months, and only left that paper on account of a disagreement with the Managing Editor. I don't care very much for wages. I need the work, sir. I will try very hard, and beg of you to give me a show.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Well, Mr. Jones, I will give you a chance. You can see Mr. Smith, the City Editor, and he will give you some work.

MR. JONES (*gratefully*).—Thank you, sir, thank you.

Paragraph in Newspaper Men's Organ.—April 12th.

We are pleased to learn that our brilliant young friend, Mr. G. St. George Jones, has at last accepted a local position on the staff of the *Paragraph*. We congratulate the *Paragraph* upon this great acquisition to its staff.

A WESTERN GENIUS recently stated that he could work a buzz-saw with his eyes shut. He finally got it at his fingers' ends, and now he is a letter-carrier.



PROOF.

POSSIBLE PURCHASER.—I don't think these fish are quite fresh.
PROPRIETRESS OF FISH STAND (*indignantly*).—'Dade, sir, they are. They're the same lot ye bought out of last week, and were n't ye satisfied wid them?

CUPID'S WEATHER BULLETIN.



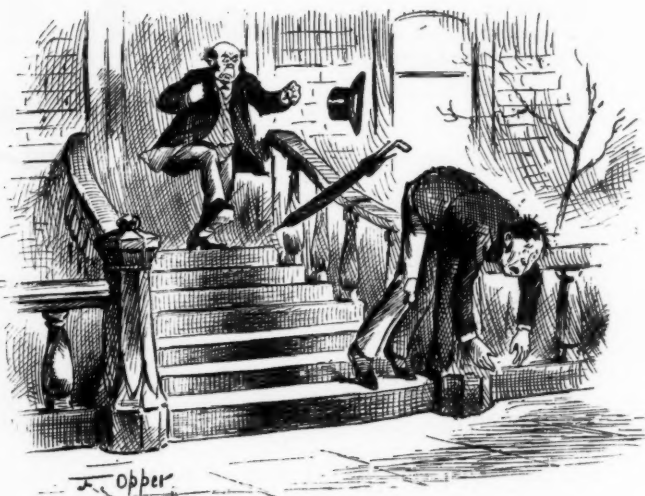
Fair Weather.



Very Warm.



Changeable and Stormy.



Extreme Cold Weather, with Terrific Cyclones.

THE TROUBLE WITH SHAKSPERE.



THE GREAT TROUBLE with Shakspeare," said the American dramatist, "is that he had no knowledge of human nature.

"Take that apothecary business in the last act of 'Romeo and Juliet,' for instance. Would a man — a fly man like *Romeo*, have stood outside that drug-store in the street yelling: 'What, ho! apothecary?' Would any man with true dramatic instinct have missed a set like that?

"How would I have done it? Why, set the stage in 4, large door in flat, show-window on either side full of bottles and patent-medicine 'ads,' backed by street. Counter, with show-cases, on either side. Practicable soda-fountain, with 'ad' of manufacturer on the programme at fifty dollars an evening — right. Other 'ads' displayed on walls.

"Comic apothecary discovered dusting bottles. He accidentally breaks bottle of nitrate of silver, and rings in gag about Silver Bill. Mops it up with a sponge, and makes humorous reference to Democratic or Republican party, according to politics of the town. Then, perhaps, business with tramp, introducing a line of old newspaper jokes about soda-fountain. Then *Romeo* enters.

"*Romeo* saunters up to counter, and engages the druggist in conversation. Druggist recognizes *Romeo* as *Julie Capulet's* 'mash,' and scents large order for caramels. Lady enters and buys pint-flask of whiskey for bathing purposes. This naturally suggests poisons, and enables *Romeo* to lead the conversation on to this subject. Druggist shows his entire stock of poisons, including some job-lots of special sizes. But all in vain; *Romeo* can't find any thing deadly enough.

"Suddenly his eye lights on a box of 'five-cent genuine Havana-filled cigars.' A look of satisfaction appears on his face, and he pur-

chases a quarter's worth — six. The druggist begs him not to light them on the premises, explaining that the law of Mantua, like the cigars themselves, is death to any one that smokes them. *Romeo* then asks for a match, and exit.

"Grand trick-change to the tomb of the Capulets. Soda-fountain revolves, showing tomb on the other side, with *Juliet* lying in state. *Romeo* enters, and tries to light cigar, but discovers too late that he has got the kind that light only on the box, and not always there. At this juncture *Paris* enters, who, on *Romeo's* asking him for a match, at once draws his sword and obliges him. At the close of this match, which is a draw, both die and curtain falls.

"*Juliet* should not wake at all in this act. Her doing so is not only contrary to scientific facts, but necessitates the leading lady's presence on the stage during the whole scene; whereas, if she can be merely represented by a dummy, she is enabled to go out to supper with her gentlemen friends nearly an hour earlier."

"Shakspeare meant well, but he was n't on to all these points of stage business.

"Thanks; yes, the same."

F. E. Chase.

WE ARE TOLD that one way to prevent a canary-bird from singing is to put a small mirror into its cage, when it will stop its song to admire itself. This only proves what we have always thought. The canary-bird does n't sing because it is happy and lighthearted, but because it has no sense.

IN COREA, so we are informed by a returned traveler, both men and women wear hats in and out of doors, varying in width from three to six feet. Under these circumstances, we are not surprised when we are told there has not been a theatrical performance in Corea for the past four years.

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN WHO WANT TO MARRY.



ELECT THE GIRL.

Agree with the girl's father in politics, and with her mother in religion.

If you have a rival, keep an eye on him; if he is a widower, keep two eyes on him.

Don't swear to the girl that you have no bad habits. It will be enough for you to say that you never heard yourself snore in your sleep.

If there is a bothersome little brother who has a habit of coming in just at the time you don't want him most, and who takes great

interest in you, and makes unfeeling remarks about the shape of your nose, take him regularly the latest PUCK.

Don't put much sweet stuff on paper. If you do, you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some especial purpose in inflicting upon you the severest punishment known to a married man.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Don't wait till the girl has to throw her whole soul into a yawn that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that may cause a coolness at the very beginning of the game.

If you sit down on some molasses-candy that little Willie has left on the chair, while wearing your new summer trousers for the first time, smile sweetly and remark that you don't mind sitting on molasses-candy at all, and that "boys will be boys." Reserve your true feelings for future reference.

If, on the occasion of your first call, the girl upon whom you have placed your young affections looks like an iceberg and acts like a quiet cold wave, take your leave early and stay away. Woman in her hours of freeze is uncertain, coy and hard to please.

In cold weather finish saying good-night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate, if there is a front gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh, to help you worry the girl to death after she has married you.

Don't lie about your financial condition. It is very annoying to a bride who has pictured for herself a life of luxury in your ancestral halls to learn too late that you expect her to ask a bald-headed parent, who has been uniformly kind to her, to take you in out of the cold.

Don't be too soft. Don't say: "These little hands shall never do a stroke of work when they are mine," and "You shall have nothing to do in our home but to sit all day long and chirp to the canaries," as if any sensible woman could be happy fooling away valuable time in that sort of style; and a girl has a fine retentive memory for the soft things and silly promises of courtship, and occasionally, in after years, when she is washing the dinner-dishes or patching the west end of your trousers, she will remind you of them, in a cold, sarcastic tone of voice.

Scott Way.

VERY SUPERSTITIOUS.

"How do you like Tom Smith?"

"First-rate; only he is so superstitious."

"How so?"

"He never goes fishing on Sunday, because he is afraid the fish won't bite on Sunday."

A YOUNG MAN was recently kicked out of an Idaho dance-hall, and subsequently fined fifty dollars by a local justice, for trying to dance a quadrille from instructions obtained from a "Hand-Book on Dancing; or, The Art of Terpsichore Taught in Ten Minutes."

It is a very certain indication of an approaching rain-storm when some one steals your umbrella off the hat-rack. The better the umbrella was, the harder the storm is sure to be.



OUT OF DANGER.

NEIGHBOR.—What are you doing up there, Pat?

PAT.—Waiting fur Mike ter cut down ther tree. The last wan nearly fell on me; but, be gobbs, I'll be safe this toime.

THEY, DID N'T NEED IT.

PHILANTHROPIST (collecting).—I'm soliciting subscriptions for the benefit of the poor girls who work in cigarette manufactories. They make just enough to pay their board, and have nothing left to purchase their clothes.

CRUSTY OLD GENTLEMAN (who has seen pictures of the cigarette-makers in the cigar-stores).—I guess it does n't cost them much for clothes.



ON THE FERRY-BOAT.

FIRST YOUNG LADY.—I am going to use my own judgement in this (roar of the boat). I will mur—der—him (roar) coming down L. C. or R. C., just as I please. OLD LADY (painfully interested).—Contemplating murder! And so young, too! [The young ladies were actresses, returning from a first rehearsal.]

KISMET.

He was a man;
She was a woman;
By divine plan,
Both of them human.

She had a heart;
He had n't any;
This is the part
Acted by many.

Days came and went,
Into each blending—
His loving spent;
Hers never ending.

Into the world
Of lone endeavor
Her heart is hurled,
Aching forever.

Into the world,
Coldly inhuman,
His hair is curled
By s'm' other woman.
Will. J. Lampton.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE," and every one of us has to pay to ride on it.

THE BOOK-KEEPER.



UPON the snowy page he rests his head,
This great and wond'rous expert at book-keeping;
But dream not, constant reader, that he's dead,
Inebriated, or serenely sleeping.

He's not lost in a reverie of joy,
That from his thoughts drives all things sad and solemn.
Up to his ears in biz without alloy

This young man is, simply because he is so near-sighted that he can't tell a hundred-dollar bill from a ball of cord a yard off, and he is obliged to put his naked eye right on the page,
In order to add up the festive column.

THE PRETTIEST DRIVE.

"HAS THERE ever been a prettier drive in all the world, I wonder, than that around the Presidio?" writes "Roderick" from California.

Has there? What ignorance! What monumental and colossal nescience!

Why, of course, there has.

What a tremendously stupid question to ask!

The prettiest drive in all the world—the very prettiest of them all—started down the lane from the red house on the hill. What lane? What red house? There is more of your ignorance, Roderick, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You really ought. Why, the red house, to be sure, that we all remember, where there lived, some-odd years ago, the prettiest red-lipped, pink-cheeked, pearly-teethed, roundest, plumpest golden-haired little woman in all the world. You don't mean to tell me that you have forgotten her? Of course, not.

You see, I have a better opinion of you than you have yourself, even. The lane started under the waving elms at the

very top of this hill, and turned and twisted around the hill and down it, until you reached the broad, level road. Then you turned to the right, and let the horse follow his nose. You could n't make a mistake, Roderick. I have been over it times enough to know that. Down this road a half-a-mile or so you come to a fork. There you should take the one to the left. Don't take the other, Roderick. That one would bring you straight to the village, and fetch you up in front of the Post-office on Main Street.

That would be a grievous error; that is, if you had the right kind of horse—a slow one, not hard upon the bit, not easily frightened at any mysterious sounds like the popping of corks, which it may have happened to hear from the direction of the buggy; a close-mouthed horse, discreet to a degree, and silent as the obelisk in Central Park. An easy horse to drive, a one-handed horse, Roderick, if you know what that means—and the right kind of girl—the pretty girl who lived in the old red house is the right kind of girl to take when you want to really enjoy the prettiest drive in all the world the way it ought to be enjoyed. If you were so accompanied, Roderick, the further you kept away from the staring people of the village Main Street, the more you would enjoy your drive, and that is the reason I have advised you to take the turn to the left.

This, my friend, as you doubtless recollect, took you down a quiet



OPENING OF THE ANGLING SEASON.

"Now, Uncle 'Rastus, jes jiggle dat line ober 'bout seven inches, an' dat pullet 'll git moh 'sperunce 'n he ebber had befoh 'n all his life."



THE GLAMOUR OF THE FOOT-LIGHTS.

CUSTOMER.—I wish you to make me a costume, and have it finished by Wednesday evening, without fail. Our Amateur Dramatic Society gives "The Mikado," and I am to be one of the "Three Little Maids from School."

cross-road, which wound, as cross-roads ought to wind some times, and wound in many curves and twists until you reached the brook. Then follow the path beside the brook until it joins the river, and then—turn around and follow it back again. It has been a long time, Roderick, since you and I have had any drives like this, and it will be a great deal longer before we shall again. Somehow, drives are not what they once were.

Don't ask me to explain this, because I can't. All I know is that I am right. They don't have the same kind of horses nowadays. When they are slow, they drag themselves at a very snail's pace; and when they are fast, they kick up such a dust that you can't see a dozen yards ahead of you. Then, the wagons have such stiff and uncomfortable backs that they are sure to bring on rheumatism inside of an hour. The road is not as level as it used to be, and as for the brook, Roderick, it is as full of dams as an Alderman's private conversation. Everything has changed in fifteen short years.

Last spring I drove over this same old road. I think we had the same old horse—he knew the road so perfectly, he stopped in the shade so naturally, and walked along the brook-path so leisurely, that I could n't be mistaken.

But it was n't the same drive, Roderick; bless your soul, no! Not a bit like it.

You know why, do you? Most Sapient Roderick! Let's hear the explanation, for I surely don't understand it.

I did n't have the same prettiest girl with me. That was the reason, was it?

Ah, Roderick, old boy, there is where you are fooled again. She is just the person I did have, and, strange as it may seem, she did n't like the drive any better than I did.

THERE WAS A RUMOR OF AN IMPENDING BARBERS' STRIKE—



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.



VII.



VIII.



IX.

— And this is How it Happened that a Law-Abiding Private Citizen Got Locked Up on a Charge of Attempted Suicide.

ANOTHER KIND OF BUSINESS.

"I met Squibbs, the tailor, at the labor-meeting last night, and he sat at the same table with the reporters."

"Taking notes, eh?"

"No, confound him, he wasn't. He wanted cash."

A COMPASS seems to be the only thing that knows where the North Pole is.

A PROMINENT MAN is never recognized on the street after the daily paper has given his picture to the public. This may account for the recent bold robberies in the suburbs.

A HEARTLESS DECEPTION.

"I understand you haf vailed in peesness, Mr. Levi?"

"Yes; I vas unvordunate in a brivate sbecculation. Dot vas not the vorst. I vas deceifed."

"How so?"

"In my assignee. He vas a scoundrel. He vormed his vay into my convidence, unt made me bay ninety-six ber cent. Did you effer hear of such an outrage?"

IT MUST BE remembered that Bulwer wrote "The pen is mightier than the sword" before the days of the stylographic pen. Otherwise that statement would never have been penned.

FELICITY.



THE cat sang on the back-yard fence,
Whence all but she had fled;
I seized my stock of common sense
And flung it at her head;
I flung my best habiliments,
My chair, my feather-bed;
Yet still, with passion quite intense,
With strange contorted lineaments,
That cat sang on the back-yard fence,
Whence all but she had fled.

I spoke with strange grandiloquence,
In coaxing tones I plead;
My boots were gone — my last defense —
My Sunday hose had sped;
All things or petty or immense
Found lodgement on the shed.
The feline wondered much from whence
They came; but still, with grief intense,
She sang upon the back-yard fence,
Whence all but she had fled.

She roused two other residents —
I oft had wished them dead,
For they were music-loving "gents,"
And dwelt above my head.
They used their stringed instruments,
Which stood hard by their bed —
They played with wondrous eloquence —
With one vast howl of pain intense
That feline fled afar from thence:
She sings no more upon our fence,
But on a loftier eminence —
Our next-door neighbor's shed.

E. Frank Lintaber.



"ANY EXCUSE," ETC.

ANGRY MOTHER. — Is that you, you naughty boy? I thought it was burglars.
BOY. — So did I, and I was looking for them.

STARTING THE MULE.

IT WAS a soft bright day when the crocus lifted its cup of flame from the twinkling grasses, and the sky was dotted with small white clouds. All was balmy and serene, and the uncorked soul of the poet was overflowing like a bottle of champagne.

The old canal-mule stood upon the tow-path as solid as a rock. It was impossible to move him, even to tears. In vain did his navigators attempt to start him by prying his feet off the ground with a crowbar. The more they pried the firmer the mule stood, and smiled a smile that floated over his countenance and melted softly in his ears, while the birds filled the air with their German-silver notes.

"Get up there, you — !!!!
!!!! ???? !!!!!!"
shouted the driver.

But still the mule stood stock still, as though intending to gather moss.

"— !? !? !!!!!!" shouted the driver once more.

"I'll bet I can start him," said a small thick-set man.

"Let 's see you," replied the captain.

So the thick-set man approached the hind-end of the dreaming quadruped.

He had formerly been a deck-hand on the Catskill boat, and thought he could start the mule as they start refractory cows up the gang-plank, namely, by twisting his tail. Every eye was on him as he took hold of the mule's tail to twist it. The mule himself looked complacently around, with a twinkle in his eyes that



AWKWARD.

ELEVATOR BOY. — She's stuck, Mum; I can't do nothin' with her. Janitor? — he's went over to Jersey, 'n' he won't be back in less 'n four hours, mebbe.

[It was Aunt Sophronia and niece Hortense in the elevator, mad as March hares with one another; had n't spoken for months. Cause, a disputed will.]

seemed to say: "I am not a stem-winder." He also seemed to be calculating the weight of the man, and deciding which county he would drop him into.

"He'll be in Chemung County directly," said one.

"Or Sullivan County," remarked another.

"Look, look, now," they said together.

By this time the tail was about half wound up, and was beginning to tighten at the roots. He seemed to wind up as slowly as a Waterbury watch. Finally the man got it all twisted up.

The birds still sang their sweetest songs, and the sky looked like a blue watered-silk dress. All Nature seemed to smile. So did the mule.

Then the man gave the tail a twist that caused the mule's spinal column to contract, and he just let go all his feet together —

And did n't stop running until afternoon, when he fell exhausted, after having pulled the canal-boat half way up a mountain.

R. K. M.

A DELICATE JOG.

ANGELINA. — Oh, Ma, do let us have some of that nice glacier stained glass decoration.

MATER. — Why, darling?

ANGELINA. — Well, you see, Mother, it reminds one so much of church, and church suggests the marriage-service; and it seems to me as if Harry wants something to jog his memory.

A GERMAN life insurance company called "Die Lebensversicherungsgesellschaft," complains of the irregularity of the mails. Yet one would think it got all its letters.

THE RICK-RACK REPOSITORY;

OR,
FORTUNES IN FANCY-WORK.

A Farcical Comedy.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—MR. GOLDMORE'S library.

MR. GOLDMORE.—Certainly, Maud, you may connect yourself with the Repository. It is a most worthy institution, and, I doubt not, enables many ladies to earn needed money. I approve, too, of your desire to be, to a certain extent, self-supporting. It deserves encouragement. Hereafter I shall increase your allowance one hundred dollars monthly.

MISS GOLDMORE.—You dear Papa, how perfectly sweet of you! And I can earn lots, beside. Why, Clara Cræsus made nearly ten dollars last month; just think of it! I'm going to paint some sachet-bags. Useful things always sell best, you know. Now, if you'll give me some money to pay for my membership-ticket, and to buy my materials, I'll go right to work.

[Gets check for fifty dollars, and exit.]

SCENE II.—CLARA CRÆSUS'S boudoir. Enter MISS GOLDMORE.

MISS GOLDMORE.—Oh, Clara, Papa's given me that money, and I'm going to join the Repository. Get on your things, and let's go and buy the materials for my work. We'll have lots of fun.

[Exit for a lady-like spree, which uses up PAPA'S check. The "materials"—laces, satin, bullion cords, etc., to the tune of sixty or seventy dollars, are "charged."]

SCENE III.—MISS GOLDMORE'S "studio." One month is supposed to have elapsed. Enter MISS CRÆSUS.

MISS CRÆSUS.—Good gracious, Maude! Have n't you finished that everlasting sachet-bag yet?

MISS GOLDMORE.—Bother the thing! There! (Daubs her brush viciously through the design.) I've used up all my materials, and I have n't finished a thing.

MISS CRÆSUS.—Will you promise solemnly never to breathe a word if I tell you something? (Whispers.) M-m-m—Van Broot's; m-m—lovely things; m-m-m—get all mine there; nobody knows the difference.

MISS GOLDMORE.—O Clara, ain't you perfectly awful!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—MR. VAN BROOT'S art-store.

Enter MISS WORKER.

MISS WORKER.—Look here, Van Broot. I've got to have more than a dollar each for painting these handkerchief-cases. It takes more than a day to do one. How am I going to live?

MR. VAN BROOT.—Don't know, my dear, I'm sure. All I know is, the Repository is selling these things, painted by real ladies, for one

and a half, and I've got to cut under that or shut up shop. Here's the money. Take it or leave it.

[MISS WORKER takes it, and exit, blessing that beneficent institution, the Rick-Rack Repository.]

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter MISS GOLDMORE.

MR. VAN BROOT.—Yes, Miss Goldmore, here are the hand-painted mouchoir-cases you ordered. Very tasty, I think. Painted by one of our most expensive artists. Sixty dollars for the dozen. Shall I send them?

MISS GOLDMORE.—No; I will take them with me. Send the bill to Father, and please make it for colors, brushes, and things. It's a—surprise. [Exit with parcel.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Repository.

To the MANAGERESS, enter MISS GOLDMORE, with parcel.

MANAGERESS.—Oh, how beautifully you paint, Miss Goldmore! These mouchoir-cases will sell at once. What price did you think of putting on them?

MISS GOLDMORE.—Why—ah—really. I painted them more for amusement—

MANAGERESS.—Of course. But then the materials cost you—

MISS GOLDMORE.—I have n't the faintest idea.

MANAGERESS.—Suppose we say a dollar apiece for them?

MISS GOLDMORE.—Why, that will be twelve dollars. Two more than Clara. How nice!

[Exit MISS GOLDMORE, to buy a new hat on the strength of having earned so much money.]

MANAGERESS.—Some more of Van Broot's stuff. He's got to give more than twenty for this lot, or there'll be trouble. He's making too much out of this.

SCENE II.—The same. Enter MRS. BLOODGOOD, who has just been left a widow.

MANAGERESS.—Oh, I suppose you've come about those baby-hoods? Well, we've sold them all. Twenty-five cents apiece. A dollar was ridiculous. I can't help what the wool cost; we've got to undersell the retail stores, if we want to sell any thing. No; I can't give you the money to-day. Our treasurer is at Newport. Come in again in a week or so. Good morning.

[Exit MRS. BLOODGOOD to pawn her wedding-ring.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Repository. BOARD OF DIRECTRESSES in session.

CHAIRLADY.—Well, if the rent is n't paid, and the Manageress is n't paid, and there is n't any money, I'm sure I don't know what we're to do. My husband says he won't advance another cent.

CHORUS OF LADIES.—Mine, too. I knew just how it would end. Did n't I say so? Such management—

CHAIRLADY.—I think it's real mean to—

TREASURES.—I hope we owe nothing to any poor working-women on account of goods sold. If we do, I—

MANAGERESS (eagerly).

—Oh, I assure you not, Ma'am. And I have no doubt arrangements can be made with the landlord. As for my salary, I am not so ungrateful as to press you, ladies. If you have really determined to give it up, I will take what goods we have and try to pay myself by their sale. Leave it to me, and don't worry.

CHORUS OF LADIES.—How perfectly lovely of you!

[Meeting adjourned. MANAGERESS opens a well-stocked fancy-goods store, with a cash capital of ten thousand dollars, "left her by an uncle in foreign parts." Curtain falls to melancholy music furnished by MRS. BLOODGOOD and others, whistling for their money.]

G. A. B.

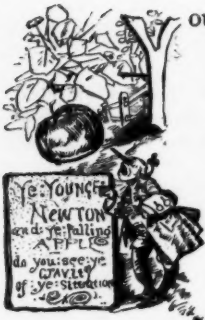


IRISH INDIGNATION.

INSURANCE AGENT.—You want to get a thousand dollars on your furniture. Where in thunder is it?

MR. MURPHY.—Faix, must I find the furniture and the customer, too?

ABOUT SIR ISAAC NEWTON.



YOUNG ISAAC NEWTON was a Christmas-gift to his mother in the year 1692. His father had died previously, and was therefore denied the gratification of having to get out of bed nine times of a night to administer soothing syrup to a vigorous-voiced philosopher in the bud.

Mrs. Newton dried her weeping eyes, and married a new husband long before little Isaac had begun to prattle about the quadrature of the circle and centripetal forces, and the new father making some objection to the presence of little Isaac in his domestic circle, not knowing a philosopher in the bud when he saw one, the child was put in the care of his maternal grandmother, who gave

him his first lesson in gravitation by often letting him fall out of bed.

At the proper time little Isaac took his spelling-book under his arm and meandered off to school. At first he did not seem to be a conspicuously bright boy, missing six words in a possible half-dozen sometimes; but one day, deciding on the impulse of the moment to move upward, he applied himself to his lesson with such vigor as to vanquish the whole class and go to the head on "Parallelogram." After that young Isaac gravitated through his school-life serenely, soaking himself full of valuable information without much exertion. He took but little interest in school sports, however, but spent his leisure moments in making small wind-mills, and fixing sun-dials on the hen-house.

Thus young Isaac's inborn genius was budding, and those who controlled his emotions seem to have been willing to let it bud. Parents of budding geniuses should take this lesson home to themselves. When they observe their pale, thoughtful boy splitting up the pie-board, or sawing off a leg or two of the kitchen table to make some sort of machine or other, they should not break his back or otherwise treat him so harshly as to blast his young thinker before it is ready to bloom. They should give his young thinker a chance.

No doubt, many a bright young mind has been turned away from a philosophical or mechanical path at a critical moment by an unreflecting parent, armed with a bed-slat or fence-picket, merely because the bright young mind had sawed up some little piece of *bric-a-brac* to make a hypothenuse or something to nail on the wood-shed. Young Newton's genius seems to have had permission to bud as it willed, and he was not twenty years old when he invented his binomial theorem.

Pause here, kind reader, and let your thoughts dwell for a moment on the blessings young Isaac conferred on mankind by inventing his binomial theorem. Had he not lived, or had his young genius been bruised before it was ripe by a thoughtless parent with a fence-picket, you might not today have a binomial theorem of your own, or be able to borrow one of your neighbor when you have company.

Not satisfied with his first great success, young Isaac kept on at work, and in the following year invented fluxions.

This invention, while not as important, perhaps, as his first, is worthy of high rank among great inventions, as everybody is willing to acknowledge without hesitation that this would be a dreary world without Mr. Newton's fluxions, a set of which is happily now within the reach of all.

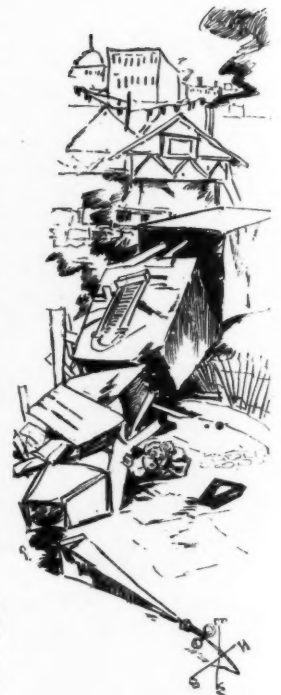
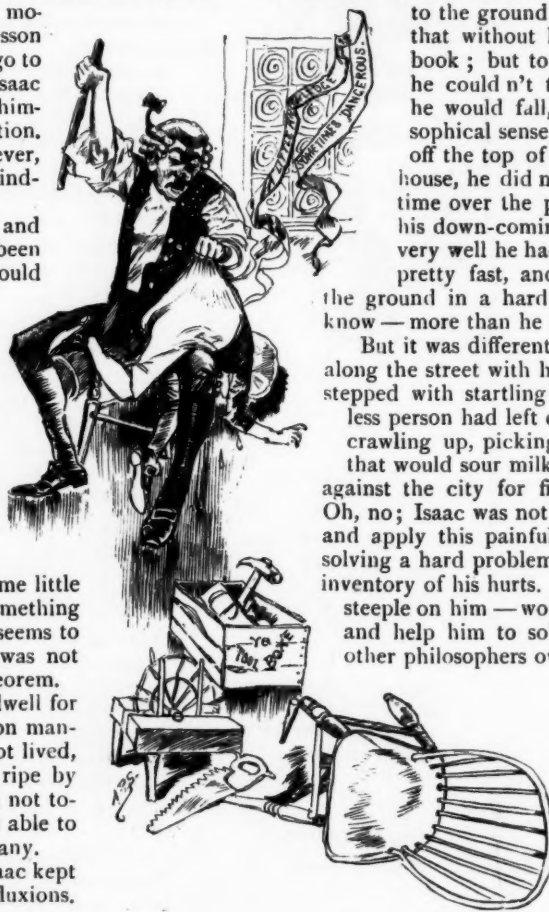
While resting in the country, out of the way of the plague, which he feared might be looking for the inventor of fluxions and the binomial theorem, Mr. Newton made his most important discovery. By the mere falling of an apple, and mayhap a sour one, he was able to work out a great problem in gravitation. Before that time any plain bricklayer could tell you that if he stepped off the top of a five-story house in a moment of abstraction he would fall

to the ground. He knew that without looking in a book; but to save his life he could n't tell you why he would fall, in a philosophical sense. If he fell off the top of a five-story house, he did n't spend any time over the philosophy of his down-coming. He knew very well he had come down pretty fast, and had struck

the ground in a hard place; and that was all he wanted to know — more than he wanted to know about gravitation.

But it was different with Isaac Newton. If he were walking along the street with his head full of fluxions and things, and stepped with startling suddenness through a hole some careless person had left open in the sidewalk, he would not come crawling up, picking coals out of his hair, using language that would sour milk, and making loud threats to bring suit against the city for five hundred thousand dollars damages. Oh, no; Isaac was not like other men. He would just sit down and apply this painful little incident to the useful purpose of solving a hard problem in gravitation. Then he would take an inventory of his hurts. The merest trifle — the fall of a church-steeple on him — would set Sir Isaac Newton's thinker going, and help him to solve great questions that had knocked all other philosophers over the rope.

Mr. Newton got good prices for his philosophy, and saved his money. He lived very quietly, and died unmarried at the age of eighty-five, with a full suit of hair. During his long and useful career he lost only one tooth. It was a back tooth with crooked roots, and when the dentist let him up, Isaac said he would keep the rest of the set. S. W.



PUCKERINGS.



ONE OF the latest and most effectual cures for tooth-ache is a pair of tight boots.

A MAN BOASTED that he had been bitten several times by both healthy and rabid dogs, and had never felt any symptoms of hydrophobia. It was afterward discovered he was a slave to the sausage habit.

A CONNECTICUT PEDDLER recently gave two young men, who saved him from drowning, a lead-pencil each. He was evidently determined that they should n't forget their heroism. They could make note of it with their lead-pencils. Some peddlers might have given them money, which they probably would have spent, and then they might have forgotten all about in a week or so.

THE FIRST dry-goods house in the United States is in Calais, Maine. It is the first on the left as you come across the bridge from St. Stephen, N. B.

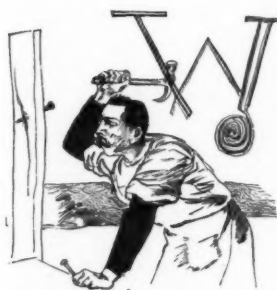
WHAT IS an April fool? An April fool is a man who puts on his summer-underclothing in April, under the impression that that golden season is about to burst on us, because we have had two or three salubrious days.

PRETTY MUCH everything has been done in painting, and it is difficult for an artist to find a subject that has not been done. But we will venture to say that there is fame and money awaiting the painter who will give to the world a faithful representation of a prize-fighter promising his old mother on her death-bed that he will never enter the ring again.

AN OLD sea-captain says he gets sick every time he crosses the ocean. It is inferred that although he may have never written anything for the *Century*, he contributes to the Atlantic monthly.



THE SEASON'S CONVENTIONALITIES.



WHILE carpenters are busy at work putting together and repairing seaside resorts, sea-serpents are being taken down from dusty racks in back-sheds and repainted; the large saucer-shaped eyes are being replaced for the summer season. Break! Time!

The summer season approaches (see almanac), and the heyday of coming pleasure looms up in

the near distance. Already the hotel clerk is preparing his habitual smile for guests only, and twirling his imperial moustache only as hotel clerks can twirl them. Let go!

Time!

The leaflets are hardly out upon the branches, yet the premature advertising-man is taking in the situation with hammer in hand. He is advertising excursion tickets. What, ho, without there! Who is the lone individual inspecting the beach and measuring out a space? The clam-and-oyster-man. And who is the individual with a sagacious eye roaming around on the beach? The wooden-pail-man, who gladdens the heart of the merry youngsters. Summer is approaching in all its glory, and those who can glory are jubilant. Break!

Time! Wind up!

Let us look at the clerks who are penned in during six days of the week. Are they not entitled to a half-holiday? Give them Saturday afternoon. Some employers were liberal-minded last season, and extended to their employees the privilege of a half-holiday on Saturday, that they might enjoy recreation. And a day and a half of rest made them strong and ready for Monday morning. The wise employer beamed with smiles and looked rosy. But some employers were disinclined to grant this half-holiday to employees. What was the result? The unwise employer did not beam with smiles, nor did he look rosy. It is a wise employer who knows his own employees.

W. L. C.

A HINT TO SHAKSPERE.

SHYLOCK. — Dot vos a fine blay of Richard Third, and dot Pooth he vas a goot actor.

GUNDLEFINGER. — Ya-as, dot vas so; but he vas no pee-zness man.

SHYLOCK. — Vy not?

GUNDLEFINGER. — Dake dot horse-drade in de last act. Did you effer see a man gif himself away like dot? Vy, I haf a freat dot vould haf solt him de pest horse in New York for den dollars and a halluf, and drone de harness in.



THE LATEST FROM THE SECOND NINE.

LEFT FIELD (in enclosure). — Yer 'll have ter call der game, fellys. Finnerty's pig has swallowed der ball!



THE COLD, HARD, UNMISTAKABLE HINT.

SHE. — He 's a knowing dog. Why, when it 's ten o'clock, Papa always closes the house, you know, and then Carlo barks. He 's going to bark now.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A blatant, braying sample of the loud-voiced, self-conscious, look-at-me variety of men took his seat in a Philadelphia street-car, and called to the conductor:

"Does this car go all the way up Eighth?"

"Yes, sir," responded the conductor, politely.

"Does it go as far as Oxford Street? I want to get off there."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I want you to tell me when you get there. You 'd better stick a wafer on your nose, or put a straw in your mouth, or tie a knot in one of your lips, so that you won't forget it."

"It would not be convenient for one in my position to do so," said the conductor, courteously; "but if you will kindly pin your ears around your neck, I think I will remember to tell you."

Amid the roar of the passengers, the man said that he had "forgotten something," and got off at the next corner.

John Hodge.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Bob Ingersoll recently was talking with an old colored woman in Washington upon religious matters.

"Do you really believe, Auntie," said he, "that people are made out of dust?"

"Yes, sah; the Bible says dey is, an' so I b'lieves it."

"But what is done in wet weather, when there 's nothing but mud?"

"Den I s'pects dey make infiduls an' sich truck."

SYMPATHY WASTED.

SYMPATHIZING, ABSENT-MINDED BORE. — Oh! How are you? Have n't seen you for a long time, I 'm sure.

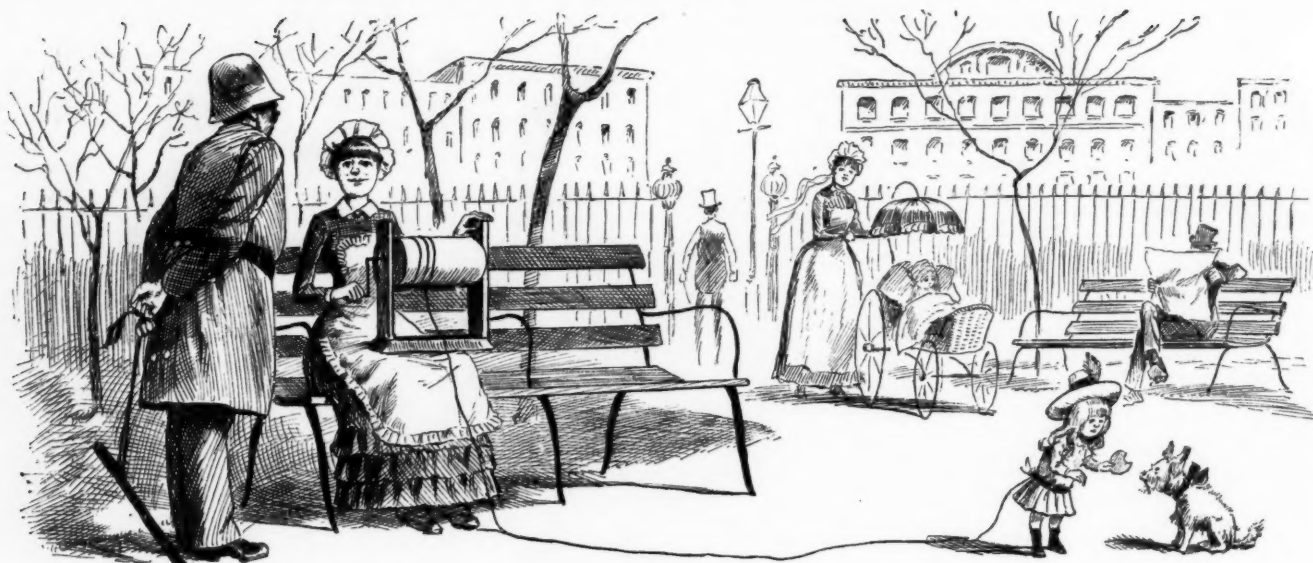
BORED. — Not a bit better than when you saw me last. Have n't improved a particle, in fact.

BORE. — Ah! How sad! I 'm sure you're not looking well, to tell the truth. In fact, I never saw you looking so badly. Ah! By the way, how were you when I saw you last?

BORED (civilly). — Never felt so well in all my life before. Better than in years.

BORE } (in unison). — Ah! Good-day!
BORED }

NO NURSE-GIRL SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.



This Simple Little Apparatus Enables Nurses to Talk with Their Favorite Policemen —



— And To Bring Back the Children when They Stray Too Far, without Interrupting the Conversation.

PUCKERINGS.



GERMAN WRITER says: "Humor is the endæmonological pessimism which includes within itself the teleological evolutionary optimism which may cause a truly, that is to say, an at once realistic, radical and universal reconciliation to appear as possible." That is the finest description of German humor we've ever read.

BOB BURDETTE says: "When a man sits on one seat in a railroad-coach, and puts his feet on the opposite seat, it signifies that he is not accustomed to upholstered furniture at home." It also signifies that the man is a selfish pig of a man, who hates to see any one else have a chance at the comforts of life. It also signifies that he has begged a free pass from the railroad company, and that it is only gratitude that prevents him from whittling the seat and cutting up the cushion.

WHEN YOU see the druggist's announcement that he is selling one hundred two-grain quinine pills for a dollar, you may be sure he is in a community where malaria is unknown.

ANOTHER TEMPERANCE advocate recently expired at Portland, Me., this time while sitting in a chair. This is very often the case with advocates of the cause, while total abstainers in many instances live to a ripe old age.

A WESTERN PAPER says: "The most independent creature on earth is the farmer." Yes, we have often met farmers going to bank to borrow money to thrash their crops with, and later on visiting the same bank and paying interest on their mortgages; and we have often noticed their independence — it is as marked as the muscles on a dude's arm.

THIS IS NOT the only enterprising country in the world. An English advertisement reads as follows: "A young man, sober and reliable, who has a wooden leg and cork arm, is willing, for a moderate salary, to allow his false limbs to be maimed by wild beasts in any reputable menagerie, as an advertisement. No objection to traveling."

A CHINESE BARBER on Mott Street knows not what an appropriate name he has in Chin Chin.

DOBSON, having left a poker-party just previously to attend church Sunday morning, was quietly catching a nap when the minister asked some one to go out and bring in the maimed, the halt and the blind. It seemed a little vague; but he caught on before it passed, and said that if the minister would procure the maimed and the halt, he would see about raising the blind.

SALEM, Pa., according to the *Press*, has "an educated mouse that performs acrobatic feats." Probably exercises on the trapeasily.

THE MEEKEST and humblest man in the world is proud of his moustache.



Time for a New Picture.



COUNTRYMAN (to dime-museum fat woman).—Gosh! Ma'am, but you ain't half as fat as your picture outside.

FAT WOMAN (complacently).—No, sir; I have grown somewhat less stout since that portrait was painted.

iarly his own: "The blessings of the griddle-cake, like the dews of heaven, shall descend alike upon the rich and the poor"? These little things, trifling as they may seem to some, show how near the griddle-cake is to the impulsive American heart, and how near it will continue to be there. Congress could not bring about civil war quicker than by imposing a special tax on home-made griddle-cakes.

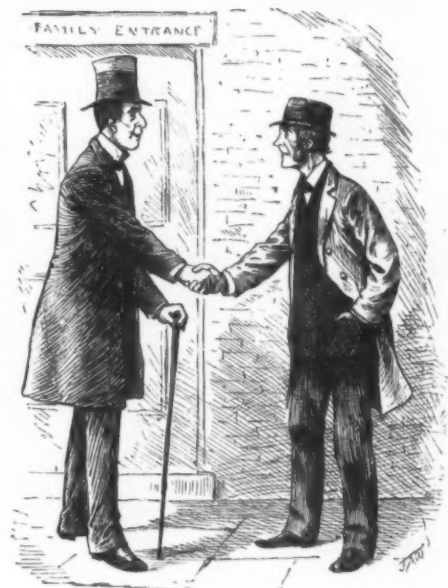
But the griddle-cake habit, while it may be a blessing when indulged in moderation, will cause remorse—deep-bordered remorse—if carried to excess. A friend of mine, who has long been in the habit of eating twenty-four hot griddle-cakes at a sitting, had occasion to call in his physician the other day, and was told candidly and calmly that he must break off from the griddle-cake habit or go to an early grave.

"Very well, doctor," he answered, with a smile of resignation: "can you give me the name of a cheap and reliable undertaker who will not put pinchbeck handles on my coffin, and charge for solid silver?"

Scott Way.

A MEDICAL JOURNAL remarks: "It tickled the aqueous humor of his eye, and he wept." It was not a Western newspaper joke that amused him, as our readers might imagine, but a piece of wood which he carelessly got under his eyelid.

Quite Another Thing.



BRIGGS.—I suppose, now you are married and doing well, you have all the business you want to attend to?

SIMPSON (with a sigh).—No; on the contrary, my business attends to me. I married a lady in the boarding-house business.

GRIDDLE-CAKES.

GRIDDLE-CAKES were invented by the mother of Pythagoras at seven o'clock in the morning, 590 B. C. On tasting the first one, which was served up hot, her son is said to have exclaimed, in his own beautiful Greek tongue: "Gimmeanotherquick!" which the reader is at liberty to translate as freely as he pleases.

The Chinese claim to have introduced the griddle-cake several centuries before the mother of Pythagoras thought of it; but, as they also claim to have invented the pocket-corkscrew and various other ideas purely American in origin, we do not trust them.

We sing our distrust to the Chinese at short range, with a six-shooter. Until they produce a griddle-cake of earlier vintage than seven o'clock in the morning, 590 B. C., as an evidence of good faith, we shall continue to claim that the griddle-cake is of Grecian mould, and to give full credit to the esteemed and excellent maternal ancestor of the late Mr. Pythagoras, of Greece.

I do not envy the possessor of great wealth so much as I do the man who can eat eighteen hot griddle-cakes, and then go around with a sweet smile and a bearing of calm repose. For what are wealth, honors and a plug-hat to a man, kind reader, if he must turn away from the tempting brunette griddle-cake while it smokes and giveth its odor to his nostrils?

Did not one of America's greatest statesmen say, in a moment of enthusiasm: "Give me griddle-cakes or give me death"? Did not another wise and eminent publicist and warrior say, in that empathic manner pecu-



AT THE SMITH-JONES MUSICALE.

"You are quite well up in the music of the future, I suppose, Mr. Bildersleeve?"
 "Yath; I can do 'Golden Thippers' and 'Climbing Up de Golden Stairs' on the banjo, and thith week the Pwofessor is going to bwing me 'The Thweet By'me By.'"
 "How charming to be so proficient!"
 "Yath, but it 'th a thevere mental thtwain."

HIS BUSY SEASON.

YOUNG HUSBAND (to PHOTOGRAPHER).—Will you set a time for taking a baby's picture, as soon as possible, please?

PHOTOGRAPHER.—H-m. How old is the baby?

Y. H.—Six months.

P.—First baby?

Y. H.—Yes; and he's a daisy.

P.—H-m. I suppose he is. Mother 'll be along, of course?

Y. H.—Yes.

P.—Father, too?

Y. H.—Oh, yes.

P.—H-m. Nurse?

Y. H.—Yes.

P.—Grandmother?

Y. H.—Two of 'em.

P.—H-m. Let me see. This is the first of April. How would the twelfth or thirteenth of next December suit you?

Y. H.—December! I can't wait that long.

P.—I'm sorry, sir; but my time is all taken up to the middle of December. Good-morning.

Y. H.—Morn'n'.

WRITES A CORRESPONDENT to a rural newspaper: "While harrowing, a mare, frightened by the report of a gun, sprang forward, and since then has been lame in her right hind-leg. What was the trouble?" We are not quite sure; but, as near as we can judge, the chief trouble was in firing the gun so near the horse as to frighten her. There may be other reasons, but they are not probable.

A MEDICAL JOURNAL says: "It is a rule of medicine that ill-health generally leads to suicide." This is one of the rules, we believe, that does not work both ways.

GETTING A QUARTER'S WORTH.



HIS IS THE TIME of year when the small boy tears around to the grocery-store, and says to the grocer: "Hey, Mister, can't I carry parcels fer yer fer a while?"

And if the grocer gives the small boy a job, the small boy yanks the parcels around at a very lively gait until he thinks he has earned a quarter. Then the grocer pays the quarter, and the small boy hastens to the circus, filled with a desire to learn the chestnut while it is ripe. And having arrived at the circus, he puts the quarter in his pocket, steals in under the canvas, and pays the quarter to stay for the bad minstrel-show after the circus.

A SUFFICIENT EXCUSE.

CORA (*surprised*).—Why don't you have your dresses made shorter? That's the fashion now.

MAMIE (*confidentially*).—How can I, dear? Just look; I always wear the heels of my shoes over on the sides.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

MRS. MERRITT (*in fish-store*).—I want a quart of oysters; but don't give me those you've had opened for a week.

FISHMAN (*obsequiously*).—Fresh opened ones will be fifteen cents extra, Madam.

MRS. MERRITT (*leaving the store*).—All right; send them, please.

FISHMAN (*ladling out a quart*).—Here, John, take these around to Merritt's.

WHAT HE WANTED.

"I want," he said, as he helped himself to a light lunch of cheese, "a quart of Medford rum for bathing purposes, half-a-pound of sugar, and four lemons."

"You know what I told you, Mr. Slugg," said the grocer.

"I recall the insult perfectly, Mr. Soper; but this time I want to pay cash."

He got his goods, and was walking toward the door with them, when the grocer said:

"Here you, Slugg, I thought you wanted to pay cash?"

"So I do," rejoined the other: "but, unfortunately, I can't."

IT IS SAID that a regularly licensed colored preacher of Richmond drives a truck on week-days for a livelihood. Although we can not be certain of it, we will venture that very few truck-drivers become preachers on Sundays for a livelihood.



BETTER POSTED.

"Ma, what makes cats roam around nights?"

"You must ask your Pa. He has probably made a study of their habits."



A COLD DAY FOR MONOPOLY.

"Hector, leave off work; dere's a strike of shoe-blacks all along de line."
"Shan't I finish de gentleman's shoes?—dey're nearly done."
"No; he looks too much like a bondholder; let him walk muddy."

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.

"John," said the grocer to his assistant, as they opened the store early Sunday morning, "the Parson says it's wicked to do any unnecessary work on Sunday."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you need n't wet that sugar until to-morrow. It can lay over just as well; besides, it weighs a great deal more just after you wet it. I don't believe in breaking the Sabbath unnecessarily."

HENRY BERGH'S LATEST RIVAL.

"I don't see why you regard Jones so highly. He seems like a very common fellow to me."

"There is where you are mistaken; he is the most generous man alive. He is passionately fond of music. He loves to play the violin and to sing."

"I presume he plays and sings for his friends. That is n't so unusual as to call for all this eulogy."

"I was just about to say, that in spite of his love for these amusements he restrains himself, and no one ever heard him sing or play. I tell you, old man, he is more than generous; he is a regular philanthropist."

A DISTINCTION.

FIRST NEWSPAPER HUMORIST (*at dinner-party*).—I flatter myself that is not a bad story.

SECOND NEWSPAPER HUMORIST (*without smiling*).—Yes, it will do.

FIRST NEWSPAPER HUMORIST.—Then why don't you laugh? That is a nice way to treat a friend's joke.

SECOND NEWSPAPER HUMORIST (*laughing*).—Oh, I did n't know this was a social matter. I thought you wanted my professional opinion. Pray pardon me.

SHE KNEW.

"John," said Mrs. Smith, "this is your birthday, is n't it?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, I have a birthday present for you. See here."

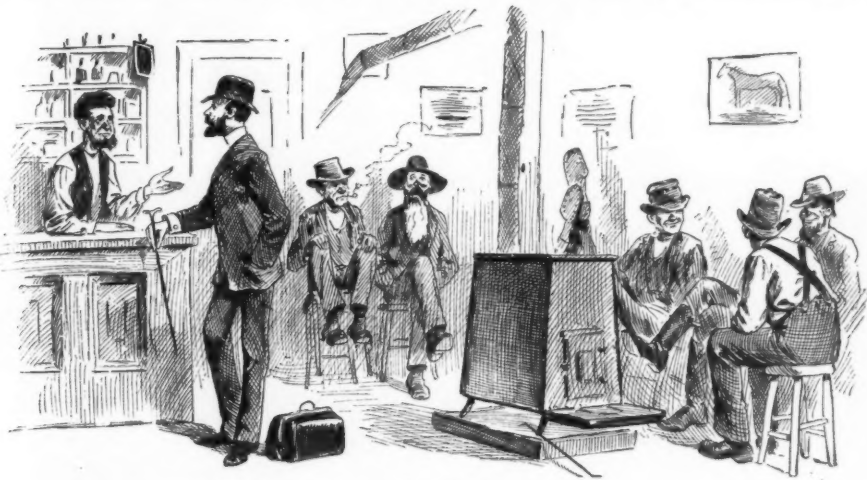
"A pair of opera-glasses! How thoughtful of you, my dear!"

"Yes; you see, John, they will save you from becoming bald-headed."

"How, my dear?"

"You can see the performance without sitting in the front row."

THE HONEST, SIMPLE, WARM-HEARTED COUNTRYMAN.



STRANGER. — Will you kindly inform me how far it is to Thompsonville?
 PROPRIETOR OF COUNTRY TAVERN. — I dunno, egzakly — better ask the boys; they'll know.

WHY THE POETS ARE MELANCHOLY.

THE FOLLOWING comes from an inquiring man in Utica, who desires to have explained to him the cause of the melancholy that so relentlessly pursues the poet. He says:

To the Editor of PUCK — Sir:

While reading the daily papers of last Sunday, I became so much impressed with the general forlornness and forsakenness of the poems therein that I took out my pencil and kept tally on the margins, with a result as follows: Fourteen of these singers had lost a love, the only relic of whose existence was either a glove, some sort of withered vegetable, or a ringlet of hair; five had lost their mothers; three had had a little sister in their childhood who had flitted across to the shining shore; six had had their idols broken and dragged in the dust, and eight were suffering from general debility, at which they hinted darkly without going into particulars.

Now, I would like to have you explain, if you can, why these poets are a prey to such unending, consuming misery. Here are thirty-six persons writing verse, and not one of them even moderately cheerful — why can't the poets stop being dismal and clammy, and come in out of the cold? *Henry F. Johnson.*

You wish to know, Mr. Johnson, why the brethren of the lyre don't brace up and have some cheerfulness about them? List while



STRANGER. — Gentlemen, will you —
 CHORUS OF "BOYS." — Wa-al, don't care if I do!



MENTAL MIRTH.

AMATEUR GARDENER. — I wonder why the derved seeds don't come up!
 CHORUS OF SPRING-CHICKENS (with inward chuckle). — 'Cos there are no more to come up.

we strike the light guitar, and open up this mystery of melody.

Poets are in reality no more melancholy than the rest of mankind; but they also suffer from the ills that afflict all humanity. They have no patents on happiness.

Doth not the poet get chilly when his son and heir demands "paregoric for one" Winter nights? Does n't the poet's collar melt, and limpid, warbling rills flow down his back in the prime of Summer-time? When the poet comes home late, and has to ask his wife to throw him down some key-holes before he can gain the sanctity of his apartment, are the remarks of his better-half less satirical, less wounding to his delicate sensibilities than those of other men's wives?

All these things doth the poet suffer, and is quite as susceptible to the slings and arrows as his fellow-man. But just here is where the poet gets in his work. It does n't pay other men to be mournful over these

things; but it's money in the poet's pocket. Take the case of a headache, for example, when the too free use of the calm but decisive sardine at the supper-table causes the outraged system to rebel in the "dead waist and middle of the night," and a mild internal mass-meeting takes place, at which the little oleaginous vertebrate officiates, and makes his head to lie uneasier than the one that wears a crown. The rude nature, which feels no divine fire, simply flops around in bed, causing the spring-mattress to bounce like a bob-tail car, flings his pillow out on the floor, and finally sits up in the rocking-chair with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, and expresses his feelings in words that make his wife put her fingers in her ears and draw the cover over her head.

Behold the other picture!

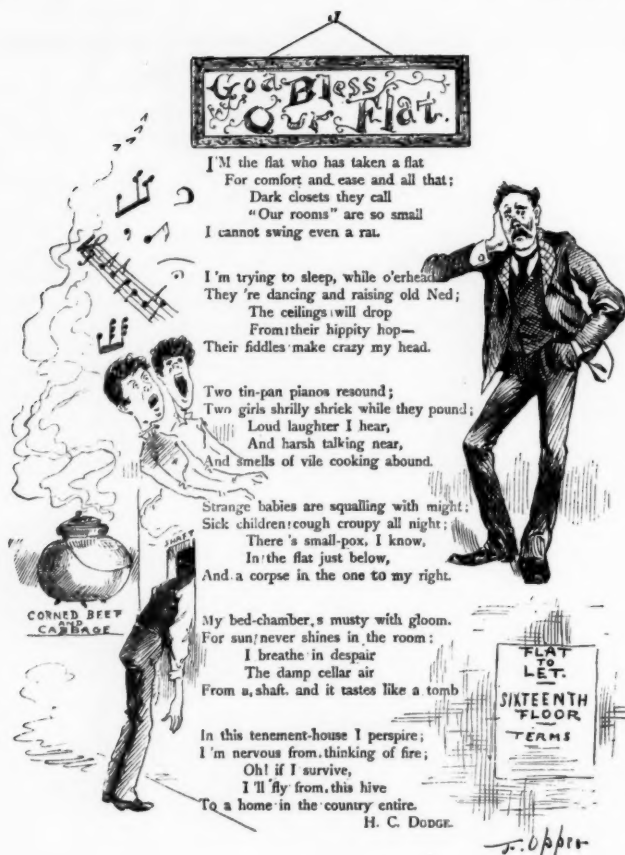
Though the poet is convinced that his cold mutton was one whole little ewe lamb, and that, like Mary's, wherever he goes the faithful little sheep is sure to go, too, that he may distinctly taste that fleece as white as snow, does he disturb the wife of his bosom, and make the Recording Angel cry over all the naughty words he says? Not by a great deal. He simply rises up, wraps the blanket 'round him, wipes the fur off his pen, and expresses his sufferings in four-line stanzas to his last love.

Then the magazine sends him a check; the bread-and-butter Miss weeps over it; blighted youths cut it out and wear it in their vest-pockets, while the poet gathereth unto himself great store of fame and shekels; for the public loveth to be vicariously miserable, and perceiveth not the sardine therein.

E. B.

A NEW AND UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE is nearly invented. This may answer for all practical purposes; but we will wager it will not deter a druggist from putting two cents' worth of colored water into a one-cent bottle, writing a few unintelligible words on a label, and charging one dollar and twenty-five cents for it. It would be too much to expect a new grammar and a dictionary to fetch the millennium the same day.

A VERMONT YANKEE saw the Pope when in Rome recently, and was polite enough to ask after his wife and family.



WHY THE ENGAGEMENT WAS N'T KEPT.

THE RECENT invention of an ingenious bed by an able French mechanic attracts not a little attention on both sides of the Atlantic among *connaisseurs* of beds, and bids fair to fill a want which, up to the present time, has been as unfilled as the purse of an honest Alderman.

This new bed, aided and abetted by electricity and other subtle but powerful forces, whose names are for the present withheld from the public, makes the task of arising not less pleasant than retiring, and renders the customary ante-breakfast hour not the least delightful of the day. It robs arising to catch an early morning train of most of its horror, and makes it possible for a man to keep a six o'clock A. M. appointment punctually and still be a Christian.

This wonderful invention first calls together the sleeper's scattered senses by the gentle ringing of a chime of sweet-toned bells. When this has been done, and he is lying half asleep, half awake, a candle is lighted by some invisible force, and the first step toward a complete awakening has been accomplished. If this fails to call him entirely to a realizing sense of his condition, the aroma of boiling coffee soon completes that task; for the same force which lighted the candle ignited the wick of a spirit-lamp, and in an urn, which is suspended above it, the fragrant coffee boils and bubbles seductively. To these blandishments is added the melody of a music-box, and, at the *finale* of an entertaining air, a placard bearing a request to arise, court-

teously worded, appears before his bewildered vision; and, after gradually awakening until at last he is thoroughly alive to the necessity of rising, he is prepared to don his garments and face the requirements of the coming day.

But if, perchance, enough of the lazy old Adam remains in the man to prevent all these attractions from inducing him to promptly perform his share of the task, a pair of muscular arms gently but firmly lifts him from the bed and places him in a chair, when the bed closes itself with a spring, thus shutting off all chances of retreat, and making his duty imperative.

This is all very well, so far as it goes, and probably answers the purpose as well as any mechanism yet devised; still, it comes very far from making the work of arising the pleasure it was years and years ago, when we lived in that little red house on the hill by the side of the meadow, where the trout-brook murmured and babbled, as trout-brooks used to do twenty or thirty years ago.

You remember those days? Of course, you do. You could n't forget them, even if you tried.

Perhaps once in a while, when you are shut up in your dingy office near "the street," and the clatter of the ticker, mingled with the voices of your customers, makes a miniature Babel, you lose for a moment recollection of those happy days; but, bless your soul, you don't forget them, and the first patch of green grass you see on your ride home on the Elevated, the first song of a bird you hear as you walk down in the morning, the first glimpse of the Park you get in your post-prandial stroll with your cigar, brings them back to you as if you had only left the old farm last week.

Of course, they do.

You would n't be the kind-hearted husband and indulgent father that you are if they did n't.

It was n't hard to get up in those merry days sometimes, especially in Summer-time, when you started early to school, and chased a squirrel or two on your way down the road.

We did n't need patent French beds, either, on Saturday mornings.

No, indeed.

On the contrary, Quite the reverse.

A TEST OF MERIT.

YOUNG POET. — What did you think of that poem of mine that was printed in *The Item* last week?

FRIEND. — It was first-rate; but don't you think it was a trifle long?

YOUNG POET. — Long? That's all you know about literature. Why, man, the longer the poem is, the better. I get paid for my poems by the column.

THE NATIONAL debt of the United States amounts to thirty dollars for each inhabitant. But very few worry over the matter. It's grocers' and butchers' bills which make us jump when the door-bell rings.

THE ANTIQUE IN NEW YORK.



THE OBELISK READ AT LAST BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

THE DOG-SHOW.

THE DOG-SHOW always fills me with a weird dark-blue joy. I can not tell why it is that I am so fond of a dog-show. I have tried to analyze my feelings on this subject, but have failed. Perhaps some day I may meet Henry James, and then I can have them analyzed backward and forward and down the middle to the extent of ten thousand words.



I love to look at the St. Bernard dogs, some of them bred by old St. Bernard himself, up there at his inn on the mountain top. The keeper of these dogs told me it was quite true that they would hunt for dead or lost travelers in the snow. They are trained to do it. The gentlemen who live in St. Bernard's inn earn a good round income every year from the things they find on the travelers. The dogs find the travelers and the St. Bernard fellows take them in.

When you see a dozen or two of these St. Bernard dogs ranged along on a sort of shelf at a dog show, you don't see why they do not take in the traveler themselves. They look able to do it. They look as if they could swallow a live halibut backward without his doing them any worse damage than to scratch their throats.

Another thing that fills me with joy at the dog-show is looking at the bull-dogs. I could sit down in front of them, if there were any chairs, and enjoy studying their expressive countenances by the hour. No dog has a more speaking face than a bull-dog. There's old Ben, for instance. He looks as if life had no more joy for him.

He says: "Young man, I've seen it all. When you reach my advanced age, you, too, will be convinced that life is not worth living." And you are moved to pity the aged Benjamin. You reach out your hand and lay it sympathetically on his old head, whereupon Benjamin gets away with about half of the hand, and you agree with him that life is not worth living.

Cynics all, the bull dogs are. They are misanthropes and pessimists. They don't care much whether dog-shows keep or not. All they ask is to be let alone. And they usually are, by wise men.

When you go to the dog-show, feast your eyes upon the pointers. Take in Beavoir and Graphic and that lot. If you want to see a lot of

genuine blue-blooded aristocracy, that's just where you'll find it. Those dogs belong to the old families, and they are proud of it. But they have the genuine courtesy of true nobility. You need n't be afraid of the pointer. He'll always treat you with his distinguished consideration. He's full of kindly feeling. Pat his head for him and talk pleasantly to him, and he'll wag his tail for you. There's nothing mean about a pointer.

Take in the setters, too—the canine dudes. You never saw such a set of effeminate dandies anywhere out of Fifth Avenue as these same setters, especially those of the Irish persuasion. The female Irish setter is a better animal than the male, because she's truly feminine. The male Irish setter, like many other dudes, is also truly feminine; but we can not love him for that.

The collies are a nice set. They are the canine Bohemians—ready to fraternize with any good fellow who comes along, not over-particular about a man's family history, because they have n't much of their own, and are not proud. You could scrape an acquaintance with a collie while traveling on a country road. You could hardly do it with a bull-dog or a mastiff. He might want to know you; but I do not believe you would be so anxious to meet him.

Then there are the fox-terriers. They remind me of those boys whom PUCK once called the "unsalted generation." They are altogether too previous and likewise too before. They are conceited, pushing, impudent little beggars; and they need their noses pinched occasionally, to make them understand that they don't own the earth.

If you want to feel that you are of small account in this world, go and talk to the stag-hounds. See those majestic creatures rise slowly to their feet, and from under their heavy, shaggy eyebrows look you through and through with their great, wise brown eyes. If you don't make up your mind in five minutes that they know all the weak spots in your soul, it will be because you have n't any soul to speak of.

If they make you feel poor and mean, go and see the pugs, Dandie Dinmonts, caniche poodles, Italian greyhounds and black-and-tans. These are the canine *bric-à-brac*. They are ornamental in their way, but not useful. They are more useful in nice cages at the dog-show than on the ends of strings in the street, tangling themselves around the limbs of pedestrians. You will like these dogs, because they are such useless things that no matter how valueless you may be yourself, you will feel that you are worth more in the world than they are.

Go to the dog-show by all means, and go in a philosophic spirit. You will learn a good deal about dogs. If you don't, perhaps the dogs will learn a good deal about you, and that may be a warning to them.



VERY TENDER.

"I'd like a chicken for dinner; but I won't kill one—I never could kill any thing. I guess I will boil one alive."

ORDERING A DINNER.



A FRENCHMAN went into a West Street restaurant, and seated himself before a mound of butter, a bottle of catsup, and a soiled table-cloth.

"What 'il yez have?" demanded the waiter.

"Parlez-vous—"

"Barley-soup!" shouted the Irish waiter. "D'ye want tay or coffy?"

A LESSON IN JOURNALISM.

MANAGING EDITOR (of *Western Daily*, to NEW ASSISTANT).—I want you to write an editorial accusing the Mayor of horse-stealing in California ten years ago. Make it as bitter as you can.

ASSISTANT.—What are the facts?

MANAGING EDITOR (surprised).—Facts? There aren't any.

ASSISTANT (more surprised).—May I ask why you do this? It will only get you into trouble. I don't see what good it will do.

MANAGING EDITOR (with great disgust).—Of course, you don't see what good it will do. I never saw a college man yet who knew any thing about practical journalism. He will sue us for libel. He will deny it in every paper in the city, and perhaps he will shoot at me. Why, man, it will be the making of the paper!

THE EYE OF PROPHECY.

"POOR FELLOW," said the merchant, shaking his head pityingly, as he regarded his unconscious office-boy; "I see the seeds of dread disease beneath his plausibly robust exterior."

"How so?" inquired the cashier, as he adroitly exchanged the leaden twenty-cent piece he had taken that morning in change for a silver quarter from the money-drawer.

"To-day is Wednesday," kindly explained the merchant. "For two days yet to come this happy, careless victim of approaching Fate will retain his accustomed health, but on Saturday morning the bolt will fall. He will come to the office unusually late, complaining of a severe headache, pain in the back and chills. Toothache will supervene at eleven A. M., and unless I then mercifully suggest his retirement for the rest of the day, he will develop at two P. M. internal paroxysms of so alarming a character as to make his dismissal a matter of mere humanity."

"And how do you know all this?" respectfully inquired the cashier, as he absently abstracted a second quarter from the drawer, charmed by his employer's wonderful insight into sheer forgetfulness of a previous transaction of the same kind.

"How do I know it?" replied the merchant, dreamily; "Because I see by the paper that there is to be a great base-ball match on the Polo Grounds on Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock."

And the cashier turned reverently away, and began to write himself a letter from home announcing the sad death of his aunt, whose funeral he appointed, probably from mere association of ideas, for Saturday at three P. M.

A FORTUNATE DISCOVERY.

FIRST SAWDUST SWINDLER (to a confidant).—I have found just the man for our business. Cool, calm, unscrupulous. Would rather lie than tell the truth, and as quick at invention as the very devil.

SECOND SAWDUSTER.—How did you happen to find him?

FIRST SAWDUSTER.—I picked him up in Chicago. He has been employed getting up the census there for the past three or four years.

"OHIO EGGS beat the world," boasts a braggart Buckeye journal. Well! The world beats Ohio eggs. Thus, even in matters of poultry, are all things made even.



It is not unusual to see on posters advertising church-festivals in Penobscot County, Me., these words in bold letters: "No Flirting." How delightful it must be to flirt where flirting is strictly forbidden! Like working the side-door, Sundays.

THE FEMALE CLERKS in large candy-stores walk almost half a mile in going to and fro from case to case to select the sweets to fill a pound-box. We suggest that it would be a great improvement to arrange the candies like type in a regular case, the chocolates being in the "e," and the burned almonds in the "k." This would make the labor so much lighter that every time a girl went to set a pound of candy, she would consider that she had a good fat take.

SCHWATKA, on being interviewed, says: "No, you can never reach the Pole with a balloon; but you can reach the balloon with a pole, if it sails pretty low."



AT THE MATINÉE.

Fairer than the Blessed Damsel who leaned o'er heaven's bars—
She has hair like rippling sunshine—
She has eyes like mated stars.
Hopelessly I look and worship,
Wishing what can never be—
I am but a humble usher,
And a Plumber's Daughter she.

SCAT!

"That's a very queer-looking cat of yours, Mr. Muggins. What kind is it?"

"Don't know exactly," said Muggins; "but we call it a Maltese cross."

"I DON'T KNOW much about Socialism," remarked old Mrs. Bently; "because my rheumatiz is that bad that I kin hardly git out to see my next-door neighbor, let alone goin' anywhere else; but I can't see why people should make so much fuss about arnica."

EVERY CITIZEN of this country has the right to earn a living by honest labor, but it is much nicer to have a rich father. One can not be too careful in the selection of a father.

A CITIZEN OF Babylon, L. I., recently ate sixteen bananas in eleven minutes. It is to be hoped that he left some of the skins around where he will be likely to step on them.

WHEN YOU come to gaze upon and study the average Turk, it rather makes one stretch his or her conscience to realize that there is such a thing extant as a Turkish bath.

A THING THAT should be well shaken before taken is a second-hand carpet.

MRS. BADGER.—So you are in favor of Home Rule, are you?

MR. BADGER (behind his newspaper).—Y-e-s. It is a very good thing—in Ireland.



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"Are you a philanthropist, sir?" asked an old gentleman of a young man who was distributing a quantity of butter-Scotch to some little children in Washington Square.

"Am I a what?" said the young man.

"A philanthropist?"

"No, sir; I'm a dentist."



OMEN AND STEEPLE-CHASES.

DID YOU ever see lovely woman at a steeple-chase? You did n't? Well, the racing-season is under way now, and you ought to go to the races, just to see lovely woman make a blank blank-

ety blank of herself. She looks at the flat races in a calm and unmoved manner that would do credit to an Egyptian mummy out for his Saturday half-holiday.

But when the time comes for the Great American Double-barreled Steeple-chase, for a sweepstakes of five hundred dollars each, with a purse of one million dollars added, play or pay, welter weights, over the regular steeple-chase course, about three and one half miles, then lovely woman braces up, sets her bonnet straight and rubs the dust off her field-glasses.

She is interested in the steeple-chase, my son. Why? Oh, because, she says, it is so much more brilliant than the flat race.

And then it is so delightful to see how intelligent those lovely creatures, the horses, are. The dear brutes seem to know just what is expected of them. They sniff the air proudly and paw in their impatience to be off. And with what strength and agility they rise to the jumps!

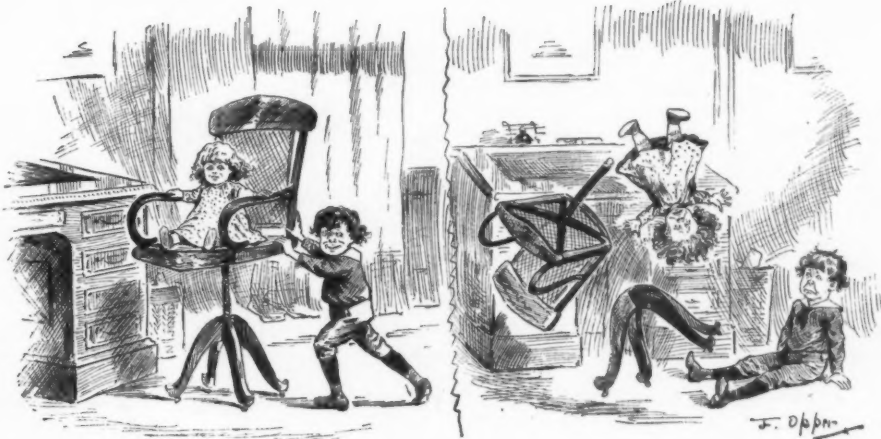
See, now they are approaching the first barrier, a fine stiff bank of turf, with a little stone guard at either end topped with red and white flags. The big bay in the lead looks suspiciously at it, and then stretching his sleek, shining neck well forward, goes over like a bird. Then comes the small-limbed black and the proud gray. Over they go! Now they dash 'round the turn for the rail-fence. Look how every muscle is strained to get forward. Hear the thunder of their hoofs on the well harrowed track. Now then, up they go!

Ah, what's that? A crash!

The big bay has gone down squarely on his head and rolled over on his side with a heavy fall.

He's hurt! No, by Jove! he's up again. Now look at him! Did you ever see such intelligence in your life? Deny that such a magnificent animal has a soul! It's preposterous!

See him with his empty saddle following the other horses around



PAPA'S REVOLVING CHAIR; OR,

LOTS OF FUN IN THE LIBRARY.

the field. He runs the course as straight as an arrow, and takes every jump in splendid style. Finishing, he turns around and comes back to the judges' stand, as he is accustomed to do, so that his rider may have permission to dismount.

Ah, poor bay! All your noble work was for nothing. You finished third, but you will not be placed, because your saddle was empty; you did not carry your weight. It seems too pitiful that this noble steed should have galloped those weary miles, and taken all those stiff jumps, at the risk of breaking his beautiful limbs, for nothing.

But what is that the men are carrying away, over there by the rail-fence, where the big bay got his fall? Oh, that's nothing. That's only the jockey. Is he hurt? Well, yes; both his legs are broken. But that's of no moment; he'll be around again riding another race in a few days. Those jockeys are made of sole-leather. They are the toughest brutes in the world.

And that, my son, is lovely woman at a steeple-chase.

W. J. H.

AMPLIFIED "ADS."



WANTED.—AN IRISH GIRL TO DO LIGHT WORK.



WANTED.—A BOY TO LOOK AFTER A HORSE.

FOOLS.



RIEND JACQUES complained bitterly that he had met a fool in the forest — a motley fool. He should have sung songs of rejoicing, if there are any such songs, and congratulated himself. A man who walks in the forest, or strolls in the desert of Sahara, and meets only one fool, is on the top of the happiest hours he will ever see. Only one fool, and that in the forest where clubs grow! Such a man as Jacques could not content himself in a dream.

Once I thought I would make a gazette and encyclopædia of fools, a work in fourteen hundred volumes, and sell it, cash for one volume, and the rest in easy payments — easy for the sheriff to collect. But I thought that years ago, when the world appeared in the rosy light of youth, I was an optimist then, and thought that fourteen hundred volumes would suffice. Fond boy that I was! Paper has not the dimensions for fools. Their names must be written down on the sands of the illimitable sea-shore, where each day we shall have a fresh page; and the conceits that fools have must be stored away in the "waist and middle" of fools' empty heads; nowhere else is there room.

But I am going to make a little list of the fools that I particularly detest. When I am through, cut this out and tack on a list of your own. Put me at the top.



I particularly detest fool girls that chatter and giggle and try to be grown up. That is n't their worst fault; they want to be boys.

And, oh, the fool boys! — the boy that wants you to ask him how far he has got along in his books; or that wants to tell you how he happens to "hate the teacher"; that "practises" whistling, or "curving" a base-ball on the sidewalk. I abhor the boy who laughs. Boys never, never laugh at the right time; they don't know the right time. These "glad bursts of childish glee" irritate me. If children want to laugh, let them go outside the city-limits. When I count the number of fool-

boys that I have not killed, I begin to think I must have a fine temper and a marvelous knowledge of computation. They scream their irrational mill-clack in my ears by day; and at night, when they ought to be in bed, chained down with a log-chain, they go under each other's windows and whistle a secret call. They might go in and ask for the boy; or, Heaven wit, if they'd shut up, the boy would come out in an instant and whistle for them. But no, they must give that terrible, mysterious signal. The only thing I know mysterious about the signal is that I don't slay the boy who uses it.

When I am in society, I trust I am as gallant a man as ever retied a number six shoe and did n't get a chance to retie a number one; but within my sheltered room I can pronounce that there are fool young ladies — young ladies that want to be thought engaged; that take pride in their skill at whist; that try to be the pilot in the waltz; that ask me if they "don't look horrid with their hair fixed so." They do look horrid; they look horrid any way.



But the fool young men — ha! — that gather in corners and talk of their two-hundred-dollar shotguns — what fool wants a shotgun? —

Fool men — grown men, old enough to die. There are plenty of fool men besides those who part their hair in the middle. There are men who will bore you as long telling you where they get their peculiarly worthless wine as a young lady would in narrating her meeting with the Prince of Wales. There are men who make disclosures to you about the secret motives of statesmen. There are sporting fools who quarrel with each other about who "pitched for the Worcesters in '81," and tell you that when the Greenstockings put Corkscrew on third, they went to smash, and they (the fools) knew they would.



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. I.

"I tell you, these hand-books are a big thing. I painted this picture of my wife after reading 'How to Become a Perfect Portrait Painter in Two Hours.' Splendid likeness, is n't it?"

that, being invited to your six-course dinner, dilate with consummate tact on an eighteen-course dinner they had the week before, and thoughtfully fill up the rest of the conversation with bright new tales of their unique experiences at college — how they "got full" some of the time, and "soaked" their dress-suits in the intervals; that, in fact, *do* get full at your own dinner, and insist on singing you a hoary college-song. Fool young men — the field is too broad. I am getting excited, but I am also getting lost.

Then there is the "practical" fool, who is supposed to "like machinery" — a supposition based on the fact that he has neither the taste nor sensibility to like any thing else. If there is a machine you don't care any thing about, he will explain it to you. He contorts his hands to represent the different parts of the machine, and says: "The ratchet falls into the pinion about *here*, and a long cylinder, about so long, of cast-steel, plays in the eccentric, *here* — well, say *here*." He goes gasping, halting, struggling along, trying to think of some technical term he does n't know, and winds up by saying, "It is a great thing." Which you knew very well before.

Fools were once divided into fools and dampfools; whether this division was made by a wit or by a wag I do not know now. Again, fools are divided into old fools and young imbeciles, and some people will argue by the hour that there is no fool like an old fool; but to what end are these airy distinctions? When we are in the presence of infinites, it is a saving of time to put up the yardstick. Let us say, simply and sadly: "There is no fool like a fool," and have done.

Williston Fish.



A SLIGHT LOSS.

"I'm sorry I was n't at your father's funeral, Miss Mollie."

"Faith, and you did n't miss much. It was very quiet. Beer at the wake, and only one band at the cemetery. You know, father always detested any ceremony like."

MRS. GRUNDY remarks that "nearly every woman who goes to Europe has her note-book full of commissions." And it may be added that nearly every woman who returns from Europe, or anywhere else, finds that she has lost the note-book and forgotten two-thirds of its contents

PUCKERINGS.



HARMONICAS are now the rage with small boys. There is music in the harmonica. It ought to be called the discordia; but, at the same time, we are glad that the small boy plays upon it. Because if he were not playing the harmonica, he would be playing on the drum, which is almost as unmusical an instrument, and makes more noise. Or he would be shouting or drawing a stick along the fence, or doing something else more distressing, if possible. The beauty of the harmonica is that it twists the boy's face out of shape, and puckers up his mouth, rips the skin off his lip, and plants a blister on his tongue. And when playing it he usually sits still, and then it is easier to draw a bead on him with a gun.

IF YOU want to find out how easily some men can lie, just ask a druggist to oblige you with a postage stamp without previously buying something else.

THE PEN is undoubtedly mightier than the sword; but we have seen the time when we would have given a whole gross of them for a hickory club.

IF THERE is nothing so good for a dog-bite as the hair of the dog that did the biting, why would n't sea-weed cure salt rheum, and snake-root D. T.?

"WHAT PRODUCES a feeling of prostration in the Spring?" asks a correspondent. Bock-beer will do it.

AFTER ALL, it is the house-dog that does n't take any stock in a lockout — especially on a rainy night.

DR. MARY WALKER is a living illustration of the well-known fact that clothes do not make the man.

A MAN BREATHES twenty times a minute, except when he is about to put the important question to his best girl. Then he breathes twenty times a second.



A FORECAST.

SAMBO.—Say, Cuffee, I 'll pay you twenty-five cents apiece for dem chickens.

CUFFEE.—I hain't got no chickens, nigger!

SAMBO.—Yah! Yah! You will have some, afore you gets home.

FINDING A READY SALE.

AGENT (to DRUGGIST).—I have a preparation here, sir, which you will be glad to have on hand. I am selling large quantities of it to the trade.

DRUGGIST.—What is it for?

AGENT.—Touching up postage stamps. A very little of it applied to the back of a postage stamp creates a feeling of nausea the moment it comes in contact with the tongue, and your customer at once calls for a dose of medicine to allay this stomachic irritation. It makes postage stamps a very profitable line of goods to handle.

DRUGGIST.—Put me down for a dozen boxes, and I 'll try it.

HIS SYSTEM RUN DOWN.

A gentleman who writes poetry for the Sunday newspapers tells this story:

"On my way home yesterday afternoon, I stepped into a lager-beer saloon to see what time it was. While there an altercation occurred between the bartender and a customer, which resulted in the former hitting the latter with a beer-glass, cutting his face badly.

"Now," continued the gentleman, "I am not fond of such sights, but I've been writing so much poetry lately about daffodils, and blossoms, and leafy bowers, and tender grasses, and violet night-skies, and silver stars, etc., that I resolved to have a good look at that unfortunate man's face, just to see if it would n't thicken me up a little."



AT THE STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.

First Blast Youth.—Beats the Kirmess, this.

Second Blast Youth.—Ya-as. There you get the chills for a dollar-and-a-half; but here you can get the cholera morbus for a quarter. (Exit for liquid preventive.)

THE HOME THEATRE.



THE LEADING LADY.



THE ORCHESTRA.



THE WALKING GENTLEMAN.



THE PRIVATE BOX.



THE SINGING SOUBRETTE.



THE CARPENTER.

HOW TO MAKE STEAK TENDER.

YOU WANT to know how to make steak tender, do you, Eulalie? Well, we are full of a ripe, golden experience on steak. If there's any one in all this wide, weeping world who has a full and perfect knowledge of steak, we are that person. We nearly choked to death on steak once, Eulalie. But hearken to the sweet, mellifluous piping of our gentle oboe. If you are keeping house and want to make your steak tender, buy a big seven-barreled revolver. Go around to the butcher's and present the executive end of the gun at his head. Then address him in some such honeyed words as these:

"You miserable, swindling, bone-chopping scoundrel, if you send me any more such steak as that stuff you sent me yesterday morning, I'll blow you into the middle of Jersey City!"

That'll settle him, Eulalie. When he sees that your soft, womanly heart is not to be trifled with, he'll weaken, and send around the porter-house that you pay for.

But if you are boarding, Eulalie, and want to make the steak tender, you must pursue a very different plan. You can not deal with the butcher, if you are boarding, so you must pay your attention directly to the steak. When the steak is placed on the table before you, take it up gently on a fork and go up to your room with it. Place it on the plate of your sewing-machine, in the spot where you put your sewing. Then sit down firmly in a chair, Eulalie, and put your feet on the pedals of the machine. When you have done this, begin to operate the pedals. Operate as if the house was on fire. Keep it up for about two hours. See that you have a good stout needle in the machine, otherwise it might break off in the steak. After you have kept this up for the time mentioned, you will find that you can cut the boarding-house steak quite easily with a steam circular-saw.



THE CHORUS.



THE SCENIC ARTIST.



J. Oppen.

THE GASMAN.

A NECESSARY DECEPTION.

DRUMMER (*examining some bags of coffee on the sidewalk*).—You surely don't charge thirty cents a pound for this common grade of coffee!

STOREKEEPER (*confidentially*).—Oh, no; we just mark it that way to keep from being robbed. You see, every man, woman and child who passes grabs a handful of coffee-beans to chew. They always steal the highest priced,

so we have to impose upon them in order to protect ourselves.

THREE LITTLE BOYS of Haverhill recently fought over the possession of a hymn-book, and one of the boys was fatally injured. This shows the wickedness of not educating children in regard to religious matters. If the boys had known what the book really contained, it is doubtful whether the fight would ever have occurred.

AN EAST SIDE miscreant has been sent to state's prison for ten years for stealing four dollars and a half from a drunken man. The miscreant ought not to be blamed for this. He did the best he could. The drunken man probably did n't happen to have a street-car franchise about his person at the time.

THE ONE-LEGGED MAN can not play polo, but he can travel around with a blue army overcoat and a hand-organ for years, and make enough money to start a public polo-ground. The race is not always to the swift.

A DOLLAR IN the bank is worth two dollars in the pocket.

"WHAT IS a proverb?" asks a school-journal. A proverb is something easier to say than to do. Like being elected Alderman in a downtown ward on a reform ticket, as it were.

A WILL IN HIS FAVOR.



SICK UNCLE (*very wealthy*).—So my nephew wants to leave his town to come here? Well, if I am alive, I shall be glad to see him; and if I am dead, he will be glad to see me.

THE JUNE-BUG.

T WAS a gentle June-bug. He sat on the edge of an open window of the church edifice.

"What is life?" quoth the preacher, in the words of a favorite hymnist. "'T is but a vapor," he continued, to end the quotation.

"Alas, 't is so!" sighed the June-bug; "and there is much for me to do. Summer has come. The heated term is upon us. Gas-bills are contracting. Sunday-school anniversaries are in the ascendency. The preacher thinketh on his vacation. The congregation becometh somnolent. I must to work! I must to work!" And he clinched his claws in the wood-work while he mused.

"One hundred sleepy people, one far away preacher, and ME. But I am strong and vigorous. I have toughness of limb and hardness of head. I shall arouse them. I shall keep them interested.

"One! Two! Three! Off!" shouted the June-bug, loosening his hold on the window-sill and unfurling his wings. Then with unerring aim he darted through the warm, light air, and struck against the shining pate of the oldest and most opulent church-member.

"'T is harder than I thought," he moaned, as he missed his footing and slid half-stunned to the wealthy member's shoulder.

"His heart and head are one. But he openeth his eyes; one touch of my feet on his neck will send a shiver through his frame. He sleepeth no more this hour. Ay, I'm off, old man. You're but one drowsy-head!"

Then flew he in circles wide and broad through the building; gracefully he wound his devious way near the gas-jets. Now he would

settle on the hoary bang of an ancient dame; again would he touch the blushing cheek of a giddy maiden. The mowed locks of a darling dude afforded a momentary resting-place. The broad back of solid respectability was a bulwark of strength.

Smothered shrieks followed the course of the June bug. Rosy-lipped giggles awaited his alighting.

In five minutes the congregation was astir. And the preacher preached and rejoiced at the power of his words, for the June-bug he saw not at all. At last, with one long, low swoop, the June-bug dashed toward solid respectability.

"The deuce!" muttered the same to himself, and, rising in his pew, he whacked the June-bug with the broad leaf of a palm.

"Beware, beware, my friend; this is not the tennis-ground," groaned the June-bug. "Woe's me; you're too good at an overhand stroke."

Then the June-bug laid him down and died, and for a memorial of him they said: "He perished for humanity. He fulfilled his mission. He did what the preacher could not."

Preserve us from all such,

L. B. D.



NOT A STOOL OF REPENTANCE.

MR. GEE HAUGH (*from Jersey*).—Wa-al, I'll be gosh dinged 'f th' folks in this church ain't boun' ter be good 'n' comfortable, anyhow.

AN OFFICE LYRIC.

THIS is breezy rose-crowned June— Lambkins gambol on the mead—
Don't shut the door! Don't shut the door!
Birdlets now are all in tune— Gardeners are planting seed—
Don't shut the door! Don't shut the door!
Now sweet maids are reading books Vernal breezes roam the dell,
In the blossom-shaded nooks, Toying with the flower-bell,
By the babbling, plashing brooks— And the strawberry vender's yell—
Don't shut the door! Don't shut the door!

Now the Summer-time is come—
Don't shut the door!
And the bumbles loudly hum—
Don't shut the door!
This is breezy golden June,
And all nature is in tune—
If you'd miss our Oxford shoon,
Don't shut the door!

AN ERROR.

It is claimed by a learned professor that oysters live on "infusoria, algæ, minute entomostracans, rotifers, cyclops and daphnia." This shows how easy it is to be mistaken. We always thought that oysters lived on insects and deep sea plants.



SO IT WAS.

MRS. GEOGHEGAN (*who has just made the fire*).—Be dad, but that sounds very much loike our ould tom-cat's voice. I wonder what divilmint he has been up to now.

[Exit, shouting "Puss, puss," etc.]

ECONOMY.



WHEN SUMMER COMES, purchase an eight-dollar suit of blue flannel. This is economy. In a month's time, if they begin to reach upward at the ends, sew lead at the bottom of the legs; or, if this will not answer the purpose, "sprinkle sugar in the shoes, to call them down."

This is rough on high-water "pants."

If they become yellow on the knees, ink them carefully; or boil them in black paint. If they stretch at the waistband, lap them over in plaits. Then go around the block, and people will imagine you to be one of Barnum's latest additions to the museum. Save money and purchase eight-dollar suits. A real eight-dollar suit can be had of all the leading clothiers. Never pay as high as thirty dollars for a suit of clothes. Eight from thirty leaves twenty-two. Twenty-two dollars are saved by this deal. Economy is wealth.

Again, let us look in the tangle of domestic economy. A man will sometimes walk to save car-fare, and then purchase a quarter of a dollar's worth of cigars. He will also complain bitterly of the dull times; but watch him enjoy the ballet in an orchestra-seat. This is bald-headed economy. People must enjoy themselves one way if they have to economize in another.

Again, will an eighty-cent shirt stand rubbing on a wash-board? It might. But generally they are handled with care. "Deal gently with the prize-package shirt" is a rule sometimes laid down by laundrymen. "Steam and coax it to become clean," he adds to the laundress; "but do not wrestle with it." A laundress will not wrestle with a cheap shirt.

Again, if a Spring bonnet costs twenty-seven dollars and a half, what will a derby hat come to? One-ninety. Because this same gentleman who pays for the aforesaid Spring bonnet desires to economize on hats. Domestic economy is an intricate science.

And here again is a beautiful scene of economy. Closing up the house during the Summer months, to allow the family to enjoy themselves in the country. Are you not paying rent? Yes; unless you own the house. But house-owners are not included in this argument. I refer to the gentleman who pays rent. Who gets the benefit of this vacant house during the Summer months? The servant-girl, the policeman and the croton-bugs. What are the family doing in the country? Enjoying themselves and getting tanned. They are getting healthy. Good. But in the meantime you are paying rent. This is one of the delicate questions in economy.

Again, a young man writes to ask me if he can get married on ten



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. II.

"I don't know what to do, Emily; I've looked clear through this 'Manual of Infants' Diseases and Their Cures,' and I can't find any thing to fit the case at all!"



TIME: EARLY DAWN.

"Mosh 'straordinary! I've pulled 's bell more 'n four timesh, 'n' nob'y comesh!" (The children had left one of those return-balls tacked on the front door.)

dollars a week. Yes, he can, if the girl's father is a millionaire. But, unless the girl's father is a millionaire, I would advise him to keep single. Can a man keep house on ten dollars a week? He can—about three days.

W. L. C.

TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

AN ENGLISHMAN, in a check suit, puggaree, a portable bath-tub, and an accent a dozen yards wide, came in the other day and said he would like to offer a conundrum.

"Go ahead," said the editor.

"Why is the goose down on Reynard?" he asked.

We shall never know the answer; but we shall always cheerfully remember the reply we made the foreman, who stepped in and asked:

"Why is the Englishman down on the sidewalk?"

A LONG-HAIRED, seedy-looking young man entered an editorial office, carrying a huge roll of manuscripts under his arm.

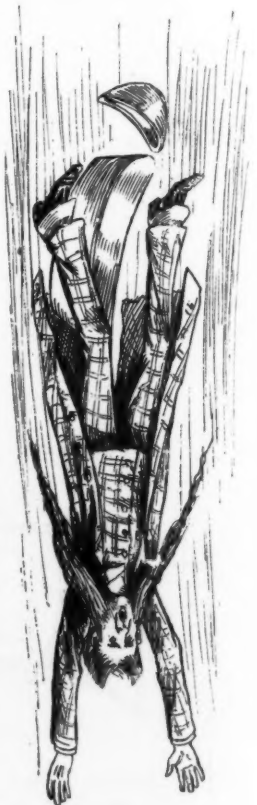
It was a poem on "Summer Rain."

A crowd of a dozen persons gathered about the door, expecting to see the rash youth emerge a ghastly wreck; but they were badly fooled. When the poet came out of the newspaper office, he flourished in his hand a crisp twenty-dollar greenback, which the editor paid him for his poem.

It sometimes happens that way.

ASPARAGUS is now eaten with a pair of tongs. Not fire-tongs, but cute little silver tongs. The asparagus looks a little bit ashamed of itself, but it tastes the same.

IF A BARTENDER lives in a boarding-house, and does n't want to give his business away, he should be careful how he stirs his coffee at table.



BOUND TO BE IN THE SWIM.



GILLIGAN.—Phwat are yez doin' wid th' bid-shtick this foine Sunday mornin', Din-nis?

KERRIGAN.—Bid-shtick yersilf, Mr. Gilligan! It's me cane, so it is.

THE POET'S MONTH.

JUNE is called the poet's month. It is said to come tripping along gracefully over a carpet of violets, with wild-flowers in its hair and daisies twined about its polonaise. Mr. Lowell wants to know what is so rare as a day in June. We should say two days in June, just as the man who was asked what made more noise than a pig under a gate, replied "Two pigs."

But June is not entirely owned by the poet, who is lucky if he owns a Summer suit. It is a month in which the iceman and the strawberry-vender also have an interest, to say nothing of the country hotel-keeper.

It is the month when the Coney Island beer-jerker practices drawing water from a beer-keg to improve his hand. At first he can get but two hundred glasses out of it; but after awhile he can make the keg yield two hundred and fifty. He is also practicing the great trick of legerdemain, that will enable him to give customers ten-cent and fifteen-cent whiskey out of the same bottle.

June is the month when the hops blow in the beer-garden, and the keeper of the same works off the surrounding ailantus leaves on his customers for a new kind of Bavarian salad. It is the time when the said keeper of the "Gartenwirthschaft" folds his hands complacently over his stomach, fills his old "Weinhandlungs" with bracing air, and looks out across the free-lunch counter with the dreamy expression of the turtle who stands on the hind end of his shell and lets his legs hang over, while a placard tells the day on which he will be served up.

June is likewise the initial month of the lawn-tennison. On these afternoons he lies him out on an early train, and plays until dark with some lissom and debonair damosel, who is one of a love set, and more intent on getting a husband than any thing else.

And it is likewise the month when the far-sighted old merchant employs a detective to shadow the sick clerks and those with dead aunts, and see if they are at the Polo Grounds looking at a base-ball match.

June the month of the poet, eh? It is also the month of the soda-water fountaineer, and the young pedestrian with the tennis-racket under his arm. It is the month when the line-ball knocks more milk out of the cow in the centre-field than you could get out of her with a boarding-house milkmaid and a writ of *certiorari*.

It is the month when the bathing-suit swings by a cord over the sidewalk and hits some man who can't get away from the city across

the face to remind him of his poverty. It is also the time that the physician who has been engaged to look out for the guests of an Asbury Park hotel figures up how much he can make by giving prescriptions for morning cocktails.

And it is likewise the time, gentle reader, when the city has bands of music play in the public parks, as a means of getting even with the Anarchists who sleep on the benches and howl against capital and good government.

It is the month when the fisherman begins to lose fifteen-pounders, and catch three-ouncers. It is the time when the rattle of the lawn-mower is heard far and near. It is the time when the enterprising patent-medicine company gets up regattas and prize-fights as advertisements. It is the time when the daily paper feels the importance of the national game to the extent of printing the standing of the clubs of the various leagues in their race for the championship every few days. It is the time when Bryant's poem on "June" is sent the rounds of the press, as well as the time when the newspaper poet rhymes "June" with "tune," and the amateur artist goes forth and paints a lot of bob-veal pictures, which he afterward calls "Twilight," "Sunset," etc.

June the month of the poet, eh? It is just as much the month of the sidewalk lemonade peddler, the potato-bug, the tumble-ditto, the gardener, the gauze undershirt, and the special PUCK train for Saratoga and all other parts of the civilized world.



HIS FIRST CASE.

YOUNG DOCTOR.—Don't stop me! Got a call. Must get there before the patient recovers!

"KNOCKED DOWN TWO" is the practical name of a Sioux brave. He is probably training for a street-car driver.

A KENTUCKIAN'S IDEA of economy is to drink three ten-cent drinks instead of two fifteen-cent ones. He gets more liquor for the same money.



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. III.

"I'd like to get hold of the man that wrote this "Complete Sportsman's Guide," for about five minutes. Here I've been tramping around all day, and ain't even seen a rabbit-track yet!"



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. IV.

"Gosh! Took in by them bunko fellers, after all! An' just afore I left home I read 'How to Avoid the Perils and Pitfalls of the Great City' clear through, too!"



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. V.

OFFICER.—What's the matter? What did you get fired out of that house for?

VICTIM.—I was just getting off a few little squibs from the "Parlor Joker and Humorist," to amuse the company—that's all.



HATCHING A BROOD.

THREE weeks ago I undertook the difficult task of putting an old hen to rest on thirteen choice eggs. If you have never tried to calm a flurried and experienced hen into submission on the nest, you don't want to lose this golden opportunity, now that Summer is here, of finding out how weak and uncertain a creature you are.

I was prevailed upon to add a few choice fowls to my barn-yard equipment, and I purchased a setting of eggs from a fancier, who came highly recommended. I made a good substantial nest in a soap-box, placed it in the most secluded part of the barn, and, after arranging the eggs in a nice circle, attempted to induce the hen to believe that she was born for a purpose. I was told always to start a hen at night, as at that time she is stupid and takes to the task unconsciously.

Profiting by this advice, I wended my way to the barn with a candle in one hand and a hen in the other, and, as already stated, I undertook to press her into the service. She first eyed the eggs with great interest, then gazed at me long and seriously, and began pecking at the eggs. I tried to coax her into closing down upon them, and pressed her back gently until she began to succumb to the caress.

Some evil thought must have taken possession of her very suddenly, for she rose up, and, with a wild shriek, began flapping her wings until the candle was put out and I was left in total darkness. I took fifteen minutes or more and used it up in reflection. Then I attempted to find the door. But I could n't. I had n't a stray match in my vest, and I groped around until I felt upon my brow the soft, warm breath of our brindled cow.

I was about preparing to be bucked into a quick eternity, when I heard a welcome voice float out upon the silent landscape.

"Say, John, what on earth are you doing out there? Why don't you come in? I'm afraid to stay here all alone."

"So am I," I replied; "bring me a match; the confounded biddy flapped her wings and put out the candle; I'm chock-a-block in the cow-stall, and can't find my way out!"

That match did n't come a moment too soon; in fact, it was a minute late, as the cow, in her efforts to scratch her back with her horns, threw her nose against me, just under my chin, and I stood there

disconsolate and careworn. When that candle once more shed its welcome flood of light about me, my only thought was for the hen. She, doubtless, was not half so interested in me, because her gentle spirit was lost in slumber as she sat on the edge of the nest with her head hidden beneath her wing.

At the meeting which was held on the spot it was decided to allow her to remain untouched that night, in the hope that a daylight reflection would calm her prejudice. I was glad that I overruled my personal objections on this point, and allowed Nature to prevail, for, surely enough, she took to the nest, and for three long weeks guarded it with jealous care, and I was pleased to be informed, one night on reaching home, that the hatch was a success.

It did not take me more than two days to advise my neighbors of the result of my new departure in fancy chickens; but I am sorry to say now that some people can't pass me by unless they invent some excuse to ask how my Houdin fowls are getting on. This is because the chicken-fancier sold me Guinea-fowl's eggs for Houdin chickens, and I did n't know the difference until I was told of it by a man whom I had invited in, out of pure cussedness, to see a strain of fowls which was to eclipse any thing in the town.

A. W. Munkittrick.



A NATURAL DEVELOPMENT.

The Very Latest Wrinkle in Dogs.

A LECTURER'S STORY

OF A VERY TRIFLING MISTAKE AND ITS PLEASANT RESULTS.

THIS is the story that was told me by Barnaby Barnhuller, the reformed lecturer:

"I can't recall the year, but it was a good while ago that I made an engagement by letter to deliver my then famous humorous lecture, 'The Bull-dog's Smile,' down at Dagsboro. You have heard the lecture yourself, and know full well how I was accustomed to almost paralyze intelligent audiences with it—how the most obscure announcement of my coming never failed to bring out the janitor of the hall and the local editor, even in the most inclement weather. 'The Bull-dog's Smile' was in its prime, then, and I took it to Dagsboro with perfect self-assurance that it would reach the laughers of the solemnest, and shake out the shoe-pegs of the painfully grim and sedate. I did not know any thing about it at the time I made the engagement, but it all came out afterward, and in a very annoying sort of way, too, that the Rev. Joseph Q. J. Potts, the great archæologist, had been engaged by another committee to deliver his great lecture, 'The Universal Deluge,' in the same town and on the same evening. I was to run on the fountains of my humor in one hall, and the Rev. Potts was to review the Deluge in the other, for there were but two in Dagsboro. I learned, later, too, that there was a strong sentiment against my style of humor in Dagsboro, and that the Potts lecture had been arranged by the opposition party to draw away the people from 'The Bull-dog's Smile.'

"Trains that carry lecturers are liable to delays. The one that carried me on this occasion held up with a hot-box or something, and set me down in Dagsboro half-an-hour after the time announced for the lecture to begin. A young man met me at the train, nervously asked if I were the lecturer, and, receiving an affirmative reply, hurried me off to the hall and on the stage without as much as a word of introduction to the audience.

"The hall was packed, and I never saw a more solemn congregation of folks at any funeral I ever attended. What with the delay on the road and the hurry from the train to the hall, I was a bit nervous; but with the opening sentences I regained my usual composure.

"I let loose in rapid succession a few of my choicest gems of humor, and then paused to note the effect. You could have heard a sixty-days' note fall due, and there was n't a smile on a face before me. I was perplexed. I had never, in all my professional life, struck an audience so hard to fetch as that. But I was not easily discouraged in those days, and, besides, I was loaded to the muzzle with fun. I brought out my most effective ammunition. I described the unfortunate wooer fleeing from the foot of an irate parent, and in my most beautiful imagery pictured him attempting to climb the five-rail fence in his way, while the family bull-dog clung to the slack of his trousers, oblivious of the mysterious future, and forgetful of the dead and silent past. I told of the honorable and scantily clad citizen pursuing the wayward spotted steer 'round and 'round his garden at midnight's solemn hour. I sung of the cook and the kerosene-can, and of the gathering of the remains in the adjoining county, and I warbled also of the long red wasp in the Sunday trousers of the pious man who had never learned to swear. And yet there was not a smile. Faces before me that were but a foot

in length at the beginning, now, to my excited imagination, seemed to have lengthened to a yard. But I went on. I marshaled my broadest and hardest hitting jokes, and marched them in merriest step before those rows of solemn faces; but I looked in vain for one little smile. I was mad. I was half tempted to take up a club I had seen on the stage and go out among those people and show them that the feelings of a humorist could not thus be wantonly trifled with for even as much as one hundred dollars per night.

"My audience was respectful, but totally unresponsive, and at last, thoroughly disgusted, I cut my lecture short off, left the stage, received my fee from the young man who had met me at the train, went to the nearest hotel, and locked myself in my room.

"The first man I saw on the train next morning was

my old friend, the Rev. Joseph Q. J. Potts. The meeting was a mutual surprise. Neither of us knew the other had been in Dagsboro.

"I lectured there last night on 'The Universal Deluge,' said Mr. Potts, in answer to my query; 'and such an unmannerly audience may the blessings of an overruling Providence spare me from ever meeting again. They smiled at my finest word-painting, they laughed uproariously at my most tear-starting passages, and at my grandest climaxes, they just got up and stamped their feet and howled. When I was describing the animals coming from the Ark in grand and solemn procession, perhaps the most deeply pathetic passage in my lecture, one man howled himself into a fit, and had to be carried out. I tell you, my friend Barnhuller, I don't want to ever pass through such another experience. And I am almost tempted to leave the platform forever.'

"The thing was as plain as daylight, now. The men who had met us at the train had blundered. The Rev. Mr. J. Q. J. Potts had lectured to those who had assembled to hear me tell of the bull-dog's smile, and I had talked to those who wanted light on the universal Deluge. When Mr. Potts had heard my experience, he seemed to be annoyed, though I can not now see why he should have been. His lecture, if he spoke the truth, was a tremendous success. I only had cause to feel hurt.

"During the following two months I received six offers to repeat my lecture at Dagsboro at double my regular rates; and I sent every one of them to the Rev. Joseph Q. J. Potts, who treated them with silent contempt. Some men would have been proud of a colossal success like that," concluded Mr. Barnhuller, "but the Rev. Joseph Q. J. Potts, the eminent archæologist and able commentator on the Universal Deluge, was not."

Scott Way.



A Difference in Livers.

"No, sir," remarked the irate customer, banging the bottle down upon the drug-store show-case; "I don't want any more of Pott's Liver Cure."

"It's a very good remedy, sir," suggested the clerk, timidly.

"Yes; may be it is for Pott's Liver. Probably it is. But it was n't worth a cuss for mine."



IMPORTED IMPUDENCE.

VOICE FROM ABOVE.—Julia, it's ten o'clock.

JULIA.—Thanks, Mum. Please be afther letting me know when it's eleven.

THE CINCINNATI *Commercial Gazette* breaks out suddenly as follows: "The most lively of our thoughts have no relation to any words; at certain times we think as if there were no such thing as language." That man has been fooling with a wasp's nest upgarret.

OUR GOVERNMENT, having attempted almost every conceivable means of exterminating the noble red man, is now trying to undermine his system with contract beef and provisions.

THE RACE-COURSE MEN think that betting on races is perfectly proper while the church-fair grab-bag continues to turn in such large profits on small investments.

STRAWBERRY-BOXES probably need no cover because the bottom is so near the top.

DESTROYING A DUDE.

*A Base-Ball Episode.*

LAST week a regular silver-plated city dude struck Concord Corners. He wore the name of E. Bensing Compton, and an outfit that included checked pants as big as meal-bags, and a spotted collar as high as a cuff-box. He lugged a buck-horn cane and cavorted considerably among the girls. He said he had come to the country for his health, but his seven-story airs and sick lobster smile pretty soon turned all us fellows against him, even if he was n't exactly well. If he had n't put on so much all-fired style, and had n't made a walking chromo of himself, we would n't have minded; but when the boys met down at the cross-roads Friday night, it was the general impression that a few feathers had to be pulled out of that particular peacock's tail, whether he got the health he was looking for or not.

After talking the matter over, Ben Thompson suggested that we invite him to play a game of base-ball. "We'll put him on first base," said he; "and by the time the game's over, we'll have to carry him home on a board."

This plan prevailed. We had a good club, and some of the boys could throw a ball so as to knock the eternal stuffing out of anybody who tried to stop it. Ben Thompson was worse than a dynamite-gun as a thrower. We decided to make him pitcher, and we knew very well that if the dude tried to catch one of his balls there would be a tragedy.

We waited on Mr. E. Bensing Compton that night, and asked him if he would join us in a game of ball the next day.

"Certainly, dear bcys, certainly. I'll be delighted, really."

It almost made us sick to listen to him; but we thought of the treat in store for the next day, and that was our recompense.

Saturday afternoon came. So did the base-ballists. We had whispered around that there was some fun to be seen, and as a consequence nearly everybody around the Corners was on hand.

When the dude arrived there was a quiet smile along the line; but he did n't seem to have sense enough to notice it.

We asked him if he was willing to go on first base. He said he was n't much of a player, and did n't think he could attend to it; but we pooh-poohed the idea, and he at last gave in, while everybody laughed in their sleeves.

The game opened. The dude stood at his place just as if he was afraid the base would jump up and bite him. We led off the game rather tenderly at first, so as to lead him on. Ben Thompson tossed a ball to him as if he was a baby, and he caught it as if it was a can of dynamite. When he rubbed his hands and scowled, everybody laughed and whispered such things as: "Ain't it tender?" "Somebody go and get him." "Look out, it'll fall to pieces!"

But the game went on. It warmed up. Ben Thompson turned his back to the dude and grinned to the crowd.

Then everybody knew what was coming.

Ben raised himself on his tip-toes, twirled around and shot the ball toward the first base.

The crowd was breathless. The ball went like lightning. The dude grabbed for it. It hit him in the hands and spun him around. The crowd laughed, while he stood there like a corpse trying to smile. In a minute or two he got alive again. In fact, he got considerably alive. He lifted his right arm, swung it around like a steam-engine drive-wheel, and let the ball go toward Ben Thompson. Ben smiled and put his hands out to catch it. But he did n't smile long.



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. VI.

"Strange you don't like my waltzing, Miss Floater—I learned how out of the 'Graceful Guide to Dancing,' you know."



OUR OVERWORKED INFANTS.

"So, you think you have to study too hard at the Kindergarten, dear? What's the matter?"

"Why, last week we had to cut paper squares, and now we're tying knots in strings, and we've got to learn real grown-up crocheting before the end of the term."

Somehow, Ben fell; and when he got up and put his hands in his pockets, and said he was n't well and wanted to go home, we knew he was telling the truth, for he was as pale as death, and there were tears in his eyes.

Sam Simmon's took Ben's place and tried to paralyze the first baseman, but the first baseman swung around as usual and came up with the same sickly smile. And by-and-by he tossed a ball to Sam. Poor Sam! He tried to catch it, but it slipped through his hands, and at the present

writing the remains of his late nose are being remoulded in a plaster cast.

Then the rest of us determined to do up that dude if it cost us our lives. We waded in. For an hour the battle waged. At the end of that time there was only one sound man on the field. That man was Mr. E. Bensing Compton.

It was then we decided to adjourn.

"Enjoyed the afternoon immensely, I assure you," said Mr. Compton. "Hope to have the pleasure again."

But we did n't reciprocate. We did n't want reciprocity. We wanted solitude and arnica.

We went home, and that very night somebody picked up a daily paper and ran across this paragraph in the base-ball news:

Mr. Compton, the wonderful thrower and the excellent first baseman, has gone to the country for rest.

Last night we met at the cross-roads again, and, after thoroughly kicking ourselves, we passed a resolution. The purport of that resolution was that if Mr. E. Bensing Compton wanted any health from Concord Corners, he was welcome to all he could get.

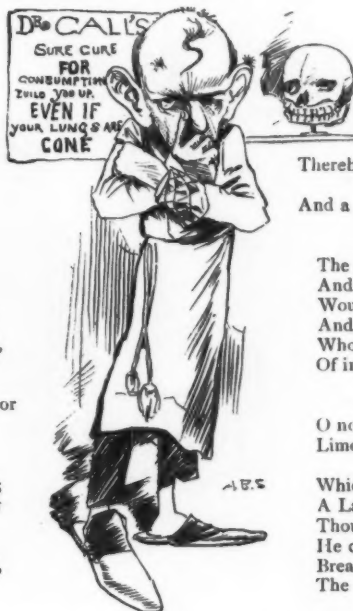
Salem Dorchester.

DR. GALL'S SOLILOQUY.

I.
How marvelous are the mainsprings of existence !
How bountifully progress doth redound unto the poor practitioner !
The granite aqueduct which water brings from far-off fountains
Brings with it germs of fair disease worth unto me from five to fifty
Dollars each, cold cash.

II.
The goodly missionary spreading light from house to house
(At a dollar a day and his expenses) ;
The hero-doctor braving epidemics in vile rookeries,
(At fifty cents a visit, payable in advance) ;
The prudential insurance agent gathering tearful dimes ;
The frugal furniture-installment man teaching thrift and wisdom
To the unlettered (at five hundred per cent. profit) ;
The noble patriot leading men to cast their suffrage in a noble cause,
And thence unto the nearest corner groggery ;
All these transport upon their clothes and persons gainful
Small-pox, fevers, scarlet and other colored, and many ills, all more or
less remunerative.

III.
The horse-car which gridirons all the avenues and payeth dividends ;
The arachnoidal "L," destroying time and space, and bringing near
The weary toiler to the fragrant breweries and beer-gardens ;
These all contribute to pathology and our purses
Railroad locomotor ataxia, the driver's palsy, the conductor's epilepsy,
Railway ophthalmia, buffer-platform hemiplegia and throttle-valve
paralysis.



IV.
The pious chemist glorifies the atom, and in the tiniest
Molecule finds evidence of Heaven ; he also
Mixes glucose in our beer, lard in our butter, copper and
Prussian blue with tea-leaves, and vitriol with the lemonade
of church fairs ;
Thereby securing souls for Eden, bodies for Greenwood, a nobler
toxicology,
And a vast increase in technical terms and in professional emolument.

V.
The city, county and the state create great Boards of Health,
And so prevent the awful epidemics which may, might, can, could,
Would or should appear and decimate the land ;
And thus afford a handsome livelihood to gentlemen of leisure
Who otherwise may, might, can, could, would or should have died
Of inanition.

VI.
O noble Art ! which doth transmute plain mulligrubs to enteritis,
Lime-water into *Aqua Calc.*, and simple Saxon measures into
hieroglyphics ;
Which utilizeth all the nastiest things, and makes a stench beneath
A Latin name smell sweet as Persian roses —
Thou art miraculous ! An alchemist art thou, greater than Midas.
He changed to gold but inorganic things. But thou the viewless
Breath, the hectic flush, the trembling heart, the howling spree,
The swollen head and dismal stomach-ache convertest into cash.
W. E. S. Fales.

A PROMISING SPECULATION.

A countryman strayed into the Petroleum Exchange yesterday, and
watched the proceedings with great interest.

"What are they doin'?" he inquired of Frank Tack.

"Buying and selling oil," replied Mr. Tack, indulgently.

"What's oil wuth?"

"Sixty-five cents a barrel."

"What!" whispered the countryman, with suppressed excitement ;
"only sixty-five cents? You buy me all you can git, Mister; the barrels
alone 'll fetch more 'n that."

THE FRENCH anti-tobacco society claims that the effect of smok-
ing is gradually ruining French literature. If French literature never
comes in contact with anything worse than smoking, it need have no
fears for the future.

A BUSINESS CATASTROPHE.

EASTERN DRUMMER (to ST. LOUIS MERCHANT). — That was a pretty
bad failure of Isaac Stein's.

MERCHANT. — Pad? Vell, you vas right it vas. It vas de vorst fail-
ure of de season. His greditors made him bay seventy-five cents on
de dollar. It is petter to stay in peesness as to fail like dot.

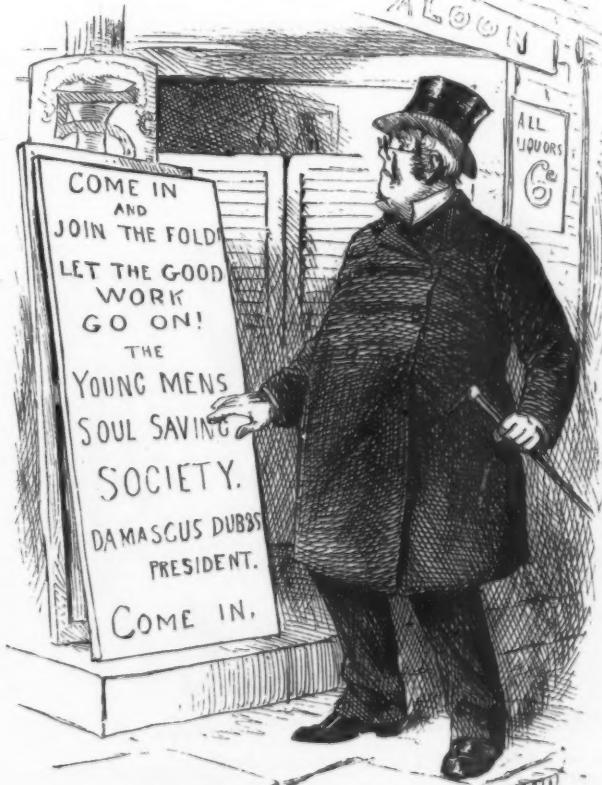
ACCORDING to Webster's Dictionary, a wind-bore is the lower or
bottom pipe in a lift of pumps in a mine; but in real life it is simply a
book-agent.

SPEAKING OF resuming specie payments, the proper way to resume
is to resume; and speaking of eating asparagus, the proper way to eat
asparagus is to eat it.

THE STORY OF THE SACRED SANDWICH.



Mr. Hardup, the sandwich-man, weary and thirsty,
invites himself to take a drink.



Discovery of Mr. Dubbs, the president of the Young
Men's Soul-Saving Society, who appears five minutes later.

SUMMER RECREATIONS.

FISHING.



GREAT MANY PERSONS have been forced into the belief that fishermen hold the belt for unbridled prevarication. I must conclude that to a grievous extent this idea has a bluestone foundation to brace it up; yet I have met individuals in this category who would hold to the truth with stern tenacity, when they felt a lie would endanger their grip on the man who carried the flask.

I could mention the names of a dozen men, true fishermen, who have an untamed hatred for any thing which would wantonly rob the truth of its laurels. These men all go fishing, and I very often go with them, partly because I like fishing, and again because I have a hankering to know why it is that five-pound fish are always caught on the day that I stay home.

Last Summer I spent five days in the wilderness of Sullivan County on a fishing-trip, and lived like a digger Indian to accomplish the rare feat of catching a bass. I have still in my possession one very happy future thought, and it is wrought by the fond hope that I may some time, probably this Summer, kill my first bass. I did n't stay at York Lake the sixth day; that I consumed in wending my sad and weary way homeward.

I heard, however, the next week, that the largest catch of the season took place on the sixth day, and I am obliged to believe the assertion is true, as it has not been contradicted, and every man tells the same story, to a fin.

To those who are devotees to the piscatorial art, no anxious expectation has greater charms, charms that are full of brilliancy and satisfaction. The delusion that you are coming home laden down with a handsome string drives you frantic with joy, and this is generally the highest reward you get for your trip, although your lungs are, of course, expanded by a more salubrious atmosphere, and your stomach, by the same cause of expansion, has capacity for twice the amount of edibles carried with you.

Nature always lays out a trout-stream so that it flows through the territory of a belligerent farmer. The yokel likes trout, and consequently builds a big dam and converts part of the brook into a private preserve; then, before he assures himself of the existence of fish, places a barbed wire fence across his line, raises a litter of bull-dogs,



THE TRAGEDY REHEARSED.

HE.—That man that was killed on the railroad is dead!
SHE.—Dead?!—er—er—dead?!—dead!! It's thrue fer ye. Whin we think we're alove, it's dead we are! (They put on another herring.)



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. VII.

"I think you are perfectly horrid, to find fault with the dinner, Henry; I got it all out of the 'Young Housekeeper's Infallible Cook-Book,' and it ought to be good, I'm sure."

and puts up a trespass-sign. A report is soon circulated to the effect that trout of immense size are being daily captured by the yokel, and you become full of risk and defiance, start out to ford the brook, and do the pond if you can buy off the dogs.

A. W. MUNKITTRICK.

THE KIND OF WIFE TO HAVE.

"They say your husband drinks very badly, Mrs. Smith." (Kindly.)
"Do they, Mrs. Jones? Well, I am prepared to hear all such slanders, and give them the contempt they deserve." (Fiercely.)

"Poor little thing! (With aggravating sympathy.) Does he pull the wool over your eyes?"

"No, indeed. (Conclusively.) He tells me everywhere he goes. I know he goes into saloons; but not liquor ones."

"What kind, pray?" (Tantalizingly.)

"Coffee-saloons (triumphantly); and I know he tells the truth, because I always find so much coffee in that poor, dear, abused man's vest-pockets."

AN ENTERPRISING druggist advertises "Bust and back powder."

LAST YEAR'S low shoes are not quite good enough to wear, and a little too good to throw away.

DRESSING in the morning with the mercury at twenty degrees below zero, and no fire in the room, may be called a cold deck.

IN HOT WEATHER nothing is more soothing than a cool crisp one-hundred-dollar bill.

A GOOD NAME may be better than precious ointment; but suppose you have chapped hands!

YES, MY SON, you can measure time by cycles; but two years don't make a bicycle.

FROM POLE TO POLE—The Clothes-line.



AN ENGAGEMENT FORESHADOWED.

The horses started up suddenly — and the coachman had n't cracked his whip, either.

THE OLD MAN'S CHOICE.



“THERE ARE three things of beauty I have seen —
Three things beside which other beauties pale.
One is a ship at sea beneath full sail,
When all her canvas draws, whose tall masts lean,
While in her cordage sings the rising gale.

“The second is a field of waving wheat,
Grown tall and bright, and golden in the sun.
A fair young woman is the other one,
Which ends the trio of my graces sweet

That with the full-rigged vessel was begun.”

With four-score winters battered, bent and gray,
So spoke this man passed far beyond life's prime,
Yet answered, with a wealth of nerve sublime,
Unto my query, “Which is fairest, pray?”
“My son, give me the woman every time!”

G. E. M.

HINTS FOR FARMERS.

HINTED BY AN EXPERT HINTER.

These Hints Were Licked Into Shape by Means of a Grubbing-Hoe a Literary Implement which no Gentleman's Library Should be Without, if the Gentleman Means to Write, Not Merely for Bread and Butter, but for Posterity and Beer.

KEEP THE HOGS out of the corn. This is more important than keeping the corn out of the hogs.

Never turn cattle into a field where the bees are grazing. A favorite bee belonging to a valuable neighbor was so seriously injured by a quarrelsome steer, that he came near bleeding to death before the horse-doctor arrived.

There is no greater nuisance about a farm-house than smoking chimneys. Keep pipes and tobacco out of their reach.

Overhaul your stables. Untidy horse-stables generally come of the careless habit which most of our farmers have of allowing the horses to sleep with their shoes on.

Shake up the cellar, and discourage, both by word and example, the prevalence of rats and mice.

Green corn may possibly make its appearance on your table one of these days. Make allowance for its greenness. Don't expect it to have the table manners of one of Delmonico's old sardines.

Labor not alone for yourself. Think of posterity; plant trees in order that posterity may have trees whereon to hang the tree-agent.

In churning apple-butter, use nothing but ice-cream.

Look after the caterpillars. See that the late floods have not injured their foundations.

Give the young English sparrows their first lessons in Pennsylvania Dutch — a language which no farmer should be without.

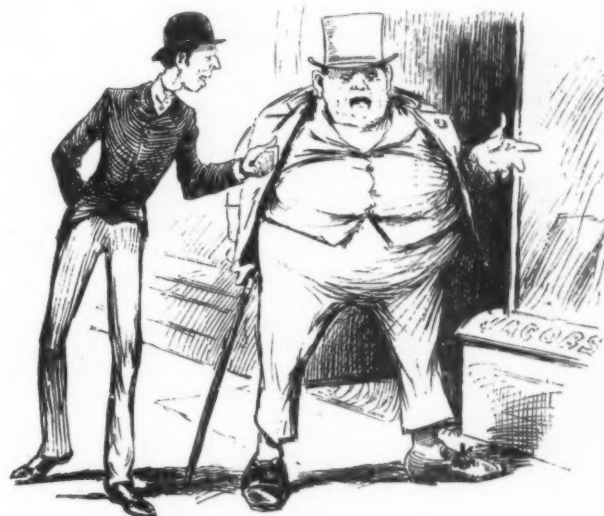
Trust your wife in all things. Not one farmer's wife in a thousand will be so forgetful of her duty as to elope with the hired-girl.

While your garners are running over with plenty, remember the agricultural laborer. When you see Brother Rusk and Professor Riley wearily trudging home after a hard day's work in the harvest field, don't grudge them a drink of water.

Plaster may be applied to turnips; a sticking-plaster will probably stick best. But the surest way of raising “the most magnificent tubers that it was ever our lot to witness,” is to fertilize the country editor with a bushel basketful of the same, accompanied with a fitch of bacon, and to irrigate him during the dry spell with an occasional jug of whiskey.

When you take a walk in the meadow, the Short-Horn bull may go for you and pin you against the fence. In that situation you should lose no time in sending for the family physician. When he arrives, send him to take a walk in the meadow. This course, if persevered in by farmers, will soon rid the most afflicted farmer's family of the family physician.

It may, in the rush of the season, be impossible for you to attend to all your religious duties, but you should change your shirt occasionally.



ENOUGH AND TO SPARE.

SMITH. — I buy my goods here.

JONES. — You are in the right to deal with Shylock, for you can give him pounds of flesh.

Mr. Washington, one of our most noted farmers, used to change his shirt. And take a bath two or three times in a life-time. The model Pennsylvania farmer, it is credibly reported, used to bathe as often as once a year (without counting accidents). But of late it seems that the tariff issue has swallowed up all that.

Montgumberry.

“GREAT MEN often rise from small beginnings,” says a writer. How true! Even George Washington was a little baby at one time.

A COLLEGE-BRED MAN usually understands base-ball, tennis and rowing, but Homer is all Greek to him.



PUCK'S SOCIAL SCRAP-BOOK.

A SUNDAY MORNING SCENE IN BROOKLYN.

THE WAY THEY DO IN JAPAN.



I KNOW OF nothing more restful to an overworked and overhurried man than the study of the social and business customs of the extremely polite and deliberative people of Japan. Mr. Gilbert, it seems to me, might have given us a better understanding of these customs than he has in his otherwise excellent "Mikado," and thus conferred some lasting benefits upon a rough-edged people who have n't yet learned the A B C of how to go slow.

In Japan there is no greater breach of etiquette than to be in a hurry. This is an important point that Mr. Gilbert has not properly brought out in his opera; neither has he given us that acquaintance with the simpler phrases used in the higher circles of Japanese society that I feel we ought to have. I have learned more about these things from "The Tourist's Phrase-Book; or, How to Learn Japanese Before Breakfast," than I have from the "Mikado," and some rainy day I will write a Japanese opera myself that will make Mr. Gilbert extremely tired.

There is no such brief and hurried salutation used in Japanese society as: "I am glad to see you," or: "I am pleased to meet you." Instead of thus abruptly greeting an old friend or new acquaintance, the Japanese say, to translate them freely: "I am thoroughly saturated with happiness at having the pleasure of hanging myself upon your honorable eye-lids." That sounds like something. Again, when a young man writes to his sweet little Japanese girl, away in the country, for instance, instead of sending her one thousand kisses, as we hurried and fretful United States young men do, he writes somewhat in this fashion: "Dearest Lump of Sweetness: I am filled with excruciating impatience to reach your side, so that I may hang myself upon your bliss-dispensing, sugar-coated lips four thousand six hundred and ten million times, and perhaps a few times more for good count."

I am not sure that the social customs of Japan permit a young man to kiss his little betrothed peachblow Yum-Yum that many times at one session of the court; but he is allowed to promise that number of kisses, any way, and if he is not in a hurry, and the Japanese are never in a hurry, he will do his best to keep his promise.

In accepting an invitation to dinner the Japanese do not say: "It will give me pleasure to dine with you, as you suggest." But: "I shall have great delight in putting myself upon the outside of all the luxuries of the season under which your hospitable board is accustomed to groan." That is merely a free translation of one of the very simplest forms of accepting an invitation to dinner in Japan.

I rather like the Japanese style of polite intercourse. There is nothing hurried or abrupt about it. It makes one feel as if the undertaker's bill were far off, and that there is really no necessity for hurry and painful commotion. And it is much more pleasing to the ear than our brief style of social communication.

Of course, we are all in very much of a hurry in America. But hurry is the thing that is keeping us awake of nights, causing us to acquire store-teeth in early life, and to become a nation of dyspeptics, strikers and boycotters.

As girls, we are in a hurry to be women with an abnormal bustle and a beau; as boys, we are in a hurry to wear a moustache and plug-hat; as women, we are in a hurry for a hundred new things that the treasury department is ill prepared to provide; as men, we are in a hurry to pocket the boodle and get away from the police.

We should strive to live more calmly, if not so sumptuously, and to die with greater deliberation, even though we must be buried with less *éclat*. We should not crowd Nature by eating a dinner of thirteen courses in seven minutes and three seconds, and expect to escape remorse and a bald-headed doctor. It seems to me that we could use some of



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. VIII.

"I wish you would n't grin at me in that idiotic way, Mr. Lightwaist; you make me nervous."

"Can't help it—my 'Hand-Book of High-toned Etiquette' says you must wear a pleasant smile during the pauses in conversation, and I'm wearing one, that's all."

the Japanese sit-down-and-take-it-calm-ativeness and for-time-I-don't-care-a-dang-ativeness in our domestic economy to our great and lasting advantage.

In America everybody tries with all his might to hurry everybody else. One hurries us up in the morning, another hurries us all day long, and our wives hurry us home at night. Our business hurries us, and our creditors hurry us the worst of all. Even the weather has caught our lively habits and hurries us, too.

Our correspondence, and conversation show what a miserably hurried people we are. And there are entirely too many phrases in general use in our social and business intercourse, which, on account of their extreme brevity and explosive abruptness, grate harshly on the sensitive ear. For instance, what could sound more unpleasant to a man who hates hurry and worry than this: "Please remit!" or this: "Send check at once, or we will draw on you at sight!" The Japanese have much pleasanter ways of framing similar little business messages, and we might become a happier people by adopting suggestions from them.

"Will you, at your convenience, do me the kindness to hang a check for the enclosed bill in the vicinity of my eye-lids?" certainly sounds less harsh and gritty than: "Enclosed find bill; remit at once."

The Japanese do not say: "Keep off the grass!" but: "The municipal authorities will consider it an everlasting kindness if you will hang yourself off the verdure." There is nothing coarse and savage about that, and it don't make us feel as if we must go on the grass just for spite.

To my mind there is nothing more debilitating and enervating to our race than the hurry and bustle and harshness and five minutes for refreshments that mar our social, domestic and business customs, and make our boasted civilization a sham and fit subject of ridicule to older and calmer nations.

Let us pause and sit down and learn something from the Japanese.

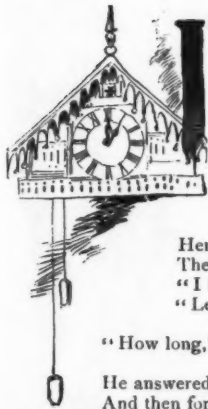
Scott Way.



"NO FLIES" ON THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

Application of a Free Lunch Principle to the Amelioration of the Condition of the Cab-Horse.

OLD SAWS FOR YOUNG GEESE.



IN CROESUS his most sumptuous room
One low-turned gas-jet braved the gloom.
The cuckoo-clock against the wall
Had cried the smallest hour of all.
Croesus his daughter and her beau
Held converse, pianissimo.

"A place for everything," he said,
"And everything in place." Her head
Was on his shoulder, and his arm
Secured her willing waist from harm;
Her hand lay warmly clasped in his;
Their lips just barely failed to kiss.
"I must be going," whispered he.
"Let well enough alone," sighed she.

"How long," she asked,
"shall true love last?"
He answered soft: "Till life be past,
And then forever!" "Ah, but stay;
Forever is a long, long day,

And youth is fleeting," ventured she,
"Birds mate in Spring, and why not we?"
Then fell a silence, deeper, denser
Than all the works of Herbert Spencer.
A cloud came o'er his manly brow.
Quoth she: "What ails my darling now?"
"The base employer of my skill
Has cut my income down to nil,"
He muttered low. She struggled free.



"A little 'earning," murmured she,
And eyed askance her plighted ring,
"Is, as you know, a dangerous thing."
"T is true," he sighed; but brightening then,
Thought to envelope her again,
And failing, laughed with spurious cheer:
"But then you must consider, dear,
Though only half my time 's employed,
The other half 's the more enjoyed;
And half-a-loaf," he shrewdly said,
"You 'll grant, is better than no bread."
"If I can read the times aright,
Too many hands will make work light
For months to come," she gravely said:
"I fear me I should never wed,
If I should wait for you. One thing
I ask alone — take back this ring."
The cuckoo here, as if inspired,
Cried "Cuckoo" twice, and then retired.
A step was heard upon the stair.
She turned all red, and whispered: "There I
Fly for your life!" With hat in hand,
He in the hall was fain to stand
And parley, for his heart was sore;
But quick she thrust him from the door.
He fancied, as he heard it close,
He caught the words:

"A wise child knows —!"

R. W. CLARKE.

A NEW WEAPON.

THE LADIES in their amiable but short-sighted warfare against the
Demon Rum, have strangely neglected to make use of one valuable
weapon.

I have sworn off, myself, and so don't mind giving them this
friendly pointer.

They have tried to drive the rum-seller out of the business by
adverse legislation, and to bore him out by holding prayer-meetings in
his place, but have generally failed in both endeavors.

Now what they ought to do — for heaven's sake, come closer, ladies,
and be sure you don't breathe a word about me in connection with this
affair — what you ought to do is to take to drink yourselves.

I am quite sure that after only one lady had sauntered into the
average bar-room and said:

"I would like to look at some of your gin cocktails, please."

And had tasted and compared, and asked if the color was fast, and
if it was all wool, and if it would wash, and said that she could buy the
same thing at Flynn's for ten cents, that the bar-keeper would be only
too glad to go out of business. And after he had had experience of



THIS IS NOT THE BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS —

It is the Five-Cent Restaurant in Full Operation.

the lady who wants "to match this sample of Rye Whiskey," and who
keeps ten men waiting with parched lips and in all the agony of thirst
while she matches colors and qualities, and says she knows she "got it
here because she remembers you, young man, very distinctly," I think
he would gladly commit suicide with one of his own five-cent cigars.

F. E. Chase.



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS. — NO. IX.

"Here's your hat, sir; I'm very sorry, but I accidentally broke the
eggs in it before I could pass them up my sleeve, though I carefully followed
the instructions in the 'Peerless Parlor Prestidigitateur.' I guess we'll have
to let the omelette trick go this evening."

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

PRISONER (after the verdict had been rendered
against him). — It's pretty tough for a young man
like me to be hanged.

LAWYER. — Tough? What are you kicking about?
You killed him, did n't you? Just think of me. It's
mighty tough for a young lawyer to lose his first murder-case, I can tell you.

It is said that authors would be more widely read
if they would only write as they talk in ordinary conversation. It is no doubt true that people in writing
are rather inclined to be elegant (if we may use that
favorite upholstering and neck-tie department word,) instead of being natural. Let a prize-fighter tell a reporter that he "did n't have no show, or he would have lammed the bloomin' snoot off of him," and the interview in the paper will disclose the fact that the pugilist said: "I was not fairly treated at the hands of those present; their conduct was gross in the extreme. Had I received fair play, I am certain that the verdict would have been in my favor," etc.

ALWAYS BE CAREFUL, in riding a fresh young bicycle, that you don't fall and run over yourself. Such an occurrence might seriously injure your self-respect.

IN HARLAN COUNTY, Kentucky, the murders just about equal the births. So the rumor that Harlan County is not holding its own lacks confirmation.

YOU CAME SO NEAR.



You came so near that once, and then
Stood in the awkward way of men,
As, with your eyes bent on me so,
I watched the crimson sunset glow,
And night closed in on field and fen.

I felt your purpose grow and grow:
You did not ask — could I say No?
And who shall say what might have been?
You came so near.

Your arm slipped — ah, be still, my pen!
I but drew back; then close again
You drew me — close. Your head bent low —
A sudden noise! You let me go.
Oh, was it not a pity, when
You came so near?

Ruth Hall.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

I AM NOT AN ANGLER, because I have no patience, and can not lie. But I have fished, and occasionally been successful in a small way. I never caught any of the large fish that other fishermen catch. My largest victim would not weigh a pound, and all that ever got off my hook were small ones, too. I have never cast Spanish flies before trout, nor waded up a brook against the current in a pair of old boots on a cold spring day, in quest of "speckled beauties."

I like to fish sitting down. Then if I catch nothing, I don't get tired out. Give me a nice soft, grassy bank, a wicker-basketful of



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. X.

"This is most distressing! All my symptoms, as described in this book, 'Doctor Dispensed With; or, Every Man His Own Physician,' show that I have got either Heart-Disease, Chronic Dyspepsia, or St. Vitus's Dance; but I'm hanged if I can make out which one it is!"



HE PUT HIS FOOT IN IT.

LITTLE COON (*picking up a boot*).— Say, Mistah, kin I's hab dis ole sho'?

FARMER (*eying him suspiciously*).— What du yer wunt et fer?

LITTLE COON (*giving the whole thing away*).— De ole man wuz 'roun' h'yar las' night an' jus' 'ud time ter git de one sho' w'en de dorg go' luse; so he sen' me ober ter git de oder, es it's ob no 'count ter yo'.

chicken sandwiches, and plenty of bottled beer, and I don't care if I sit the whole day without catching as much as a smoked herring.

I never liked fishing in a boat, on account of the rowing to be done. Whenever people fish in a boat, some one is always suggesting a change of base, and that necessitates hauling up the three-cornered rock used for an anchor. I prefer fishing on land, especially in a market, where you can catch fish of any weight you desire. It is very awkward, when standing on the shore, to attempt to throw the line out from behind you, and have the hook catch in the seat of your trousers, lift you off your feet, and shoot you into the lake.

Izaak Walton says that angling is the sport for men of a reflective turn; if they catch no fish, they can take it out in reflection, and the flask. Deaf and dumb anglers are generally successful, if they don't talk too much with their hands. When you go to the cod-liver oil regions to catch dessicated cod-fish, don't be bothered reading your Izaak Walton before starting, for Izaak knew no more about angling for fish-balls than he did about setting an eel-pot. He was a quiet, half-baked man, who used to like nothing better than monkeying up and down the Cam in quest of dace and barbel, and such like English fish.

I once had a dog who was very fond of fish. As fond as he was of meat, he was fonder of fish. He could swallow bones and all without winking. Shad melted in his mouth like a standing collar in August. He would swallow the back-bone of a mackerel against the grain, and the out-shooting prongs would never hurt him. One day he swallowed an ivory comb under the impression that it was a mackerel's back-bone. Then he began to bark for the brush. I went at him with a stomach pump, and not only recovered the comb, but a pen-knife, and an odd sleeve button lost the week before. A day or two after I took him to a traveling photographer, to have some tin-types taken. In a jiffy the dog had swallowed the photographer's comb, and followed with the brush, probably thinking it a flounder. Then he dropped dead.

Some people prefer black bass to the striped, and *vice versa*; for my part, I think I favor the white label. If there is such a thing as checked bass, I think that would be the bass for me, provided the check was certified. Speaking of the Fishing Banks reminds me that when the banks are fishing aimlessly about for their lost or strayed cashiers —

My head is beginning to split, and if the reader will kindly excuse me, I'll leave this pretty kettle of fish alone, lest peradventure I mullet.

P. S.—I beg to disclaim all personal responsibility for several vicious puns and plays on words that occur in the above article. They were put in at the urgent request of the firm, who also wanted me to have a fling at the buckling and marinierte herring, but at these specimens I draw the fish-line.

R. K. M.

POETICAL JUSTICE.



The Boys had a Wicked Scheme.



They Carried It Out.



But There Were Two Sides to the Fence, and the Old Lady Got There All the Same.

POWHATAN.

IN THIS BRIEF ARTICLE I purpose giving a few of the more striking incidents in the long and useful career of the late esteemed King Wahunsonacock, perhaps better known to the public as Powhatan.

I do not deem it necessary to write an extended biography of this late eminent Virginian; for, though he left no personal memoirs to be carried round by book-agents, he has had a host of biographers, many of them able, fluent and practiced liars, with whom I could not pretend to compete in an extended effort. I shall therefore only strive to bring out a few salient points in the life of the late illustrious sachem which other biographers have omitted, either from hurry or inexcusable ignorance. I was at one time personally acquainted with a descendant of the grand old Wahunsonacock, and as my biographical data is gleaned from that source, the reader need not hesitate to accept it at its face value.

Early in life Wahunsonacock displayed abilities that marked him for something more than a plain nine-spot. He had rare executive talent, and knew how to pack the convention and fix the voters. When the returns came in, he had a majority every time.

From Town-Commissioner to Justice of the Peace, from Justice of the Peace to Circuit Judge, from Circuit Judge to Past-Chief, from Past-Chief to Grand High Old Sachem, and ruler of thirty tribes; the rise of Wahunsonacock was smooth, rapid and exhilarating, like going up in the embrace of a young and gentle cyclone.

When an English excursion party, personally conducted by Christopher Newport and John Smith, came over to Virginia in 1607, they visited Wahunsonacock at his City of Powhatan, and were hospitably received. The King, though then somewhat advanced in life, was a man of fine physique and able digestion, having never eaten a "boiled dinner" or kiln-dried pie, and he told his visitors many amusing jokes, and otherwise entertained them right royally.

There was a banquet, the bill-of-fare including stewed terrapin, baked sweet-potatoes, oysters on the half-shell and corn-meal pone, à la Virginia. The Powhatan Evening *Tomahawk*, in reporting the affair next day, remarked that "the table groaned with all the delicacies of the season," and that "all went merry as a marriage-bell."

The English called the King "Powhatan," after the name of his capital city. They did this more from necessity than from choice, having lost all their best teeth in trying to say "Wahunsonacock" off-hand. And thus it came about that history rarely refers to that grand old King by the name he put to his proclamations and bank-checks.

The English tourists were much pleased by their reception at the hands of

the hospitable Wahunsonacock. The parting after the banquet was one of mutual regrets. The stewed terrapin and corn-meal pone, especially, hit John Smith in a tender spot, and a few days later he called round alone, intending to drop in on Sachem Powhatan about his dinner-hour.

The matter has never been fully explained, and Mr. Smith's own statements about the affair are vague and unsatisfactory; but it is thought he called during the annual house cleaning at the Executive Mansion, or when Wahunsonacock was suffering from an attack of old Virginia malaria. At any rate, Wahunsonacock was mad about something. Instead of inviting Mr. Smith to walk into the reception-room and stay for dinner, he requested him to go round in the back-yard and take part in a little entertainment he had arranged expressly for the occasion. Then asking him pleasantly to lay his head on the biscuit-block, Wahunsonacock commanded his heaviest Indian-club swinger to step forward and take his position over the prostrate form of the guest of the day.

Mr. Smith now realized that Wahunsonacock intended to have him killed on an empty stomach, a fate he had always dreaded; but, seeing that the show could not go on very well without him, he did not object.

"Let him have it!" said Wahunsonacock to the heavy-weight club-swinging, in an impressive tone of voice.

The club-swinging raised his fifty-pound club with all the ease of an old performer, and poised it over John Smith's intellectual brow. At that moment a breathless man burst through the congregation and whispered a few words in the ear of the King's club-swinging, who immediately lowered his club without spoiling Mr. Smith's countenance, and put his hands in his trousers pockets.

"Well, why don't you strike?" impatiently thundered King Wahunsonacock.

"I have!" answered the club-swinging, calmly, but firmly; "the Executive Board of Assembly No. 9,827, Knights of Leisure, of which I am a member, has just ordered a general strike until you consent to have your nose painted by a member of our order."

As it was the custom of the King to color his own nose with old Virginia peach and honey, he, of course, peremptorily refused to accede to the demands of the Knights of Leisure; and thus John Smith was saved.

After being advised to keep off the grass of Powhatanville, John struck himself.

SCOTT WAY.

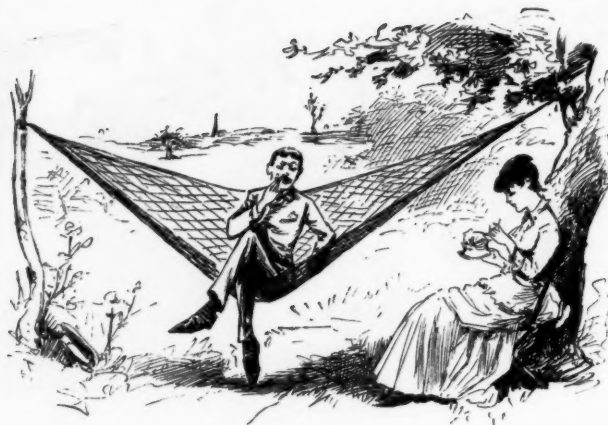


THE PROPER FIELD FOR THE INDIANS.

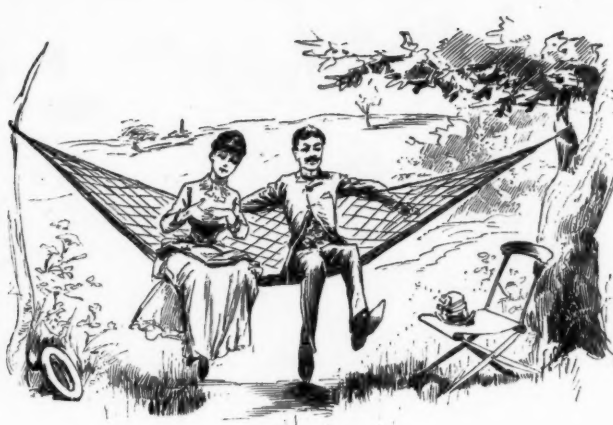
As fast as they are sufficiently civilized, they should be brought East and employed as milkmen. The real war-whoop would be better than the present imitation.

IT IS VERY difficult for some women to get into a hammock gracefully, but it is very much more difficult for the average man to get out of one at all, unless he hears the dinner-bell.

THE HAMMOCK.



Seven P. M.



Eight P. M.

FIVE CENTIMENTAL.

THE sun was just setting upon the western horizon, when a solitary horse-car might have been seen wending its way uptown.

Its refulgent beams touched with a glow the nose of a tramp on the further end of the seat, and lent a club-flush to the pale cheek of the youth who sat on the nearer end, while it kissed the ripe lips of the maid who sat between them to a deeper crimson.

The youth, who had been eying the maiden all the way uptown to the full extent of his powers, sighed, and for the fiftieth time tried to attract her attention. Fair, indeed, seemed to him the unconscious beauty, and his opinion seemed to be confirmed by the conductor, who then came along and yelled: "Fare!"

The youth handed him a ten-cent piece. The young lady passed him a five-cent piece, which he at once handed to the youth in change. The five-cent piece had a hole in it, but the youth did not refuse it. He saw his chance.

Glancing sentimentally at the young lady, he pressed it to his lips, and then hung it on his watch-chain as a souvenir.

It was neatly done; but then the young lady, who had courteously passed along the tramp's nickel, paid her own fare with a free ticket.

The conductor smiled, and the tramp said musingly: "Ah, there, Arthur. Don't put your arm around me until we get beyond the houses."

F. E. Chase.

SOME PHILOSOPHER says that a pretty table makes the food taste better. The average boarding-house would do well to have silk table-cloths, gold forks and spoons, and peach-blow crockery.

EVEN THE Vanderbilts, with all their money, can't buy shad without bones. Give us health and about twenty thousand dollars a year, and we can get along without wealth.

WE DON'T wish to be understood as finding fault with Nature; but we do wish, from the bottom of our hearts, that the luminous end of the fire-fly had been hitched to the mosquito.



Nine P. M.

A SUMMER-RESORT NOTE.

The Trout-Hole, Sun-Fish Lake, will be open on the 20th. Mr. Faraday Squelch, the gentlemanly manager of last year, has been re-engaged. One of the features of Trout-Hole is the natural eye-water spring on the premises. This spring is no optical delusion, as many of our eminent oculists send their patients to try its magic power. A half-blind, sore-eyed poodle walked into this spring by mistake last Summer, and came out with such a clear vision that he could see all the tom-cats in the pussy-willows across the lake. Special rates for June.

WEAK HAND.

"Why don't you get up, John?" spoke his wife impatiently; "I've called you three times."
"Is two small pair any good?" asked the unconscious John.

THERE IS a new play entitled "Not One Word." The plot must be laid in a deaf-and-dumb asylum.

A SOUTHERN PAPER soberly informs its readers that Jeff Davis was born on the 31st day of June. But he ought to have been.

It is easier for a camel to go through the knee of an idol than for a young man to go through a church-fair without being compelled to buy tickets in the raffle of seven pin-cushions stuffed with bran.

ANOTHER SURVIVOR of Balaklava lives in Milwaukee. He says that Tennyson's report of the affair is much exaggerated.

THERE WAS a merry tailor, once,
Who trained some moths so well
That he could put them in the coats
And vests he made to sell.
And they would revel in the goods,
And glad their tiny souls,
While in the cloth they'd only bite
The marked-out button-holes.

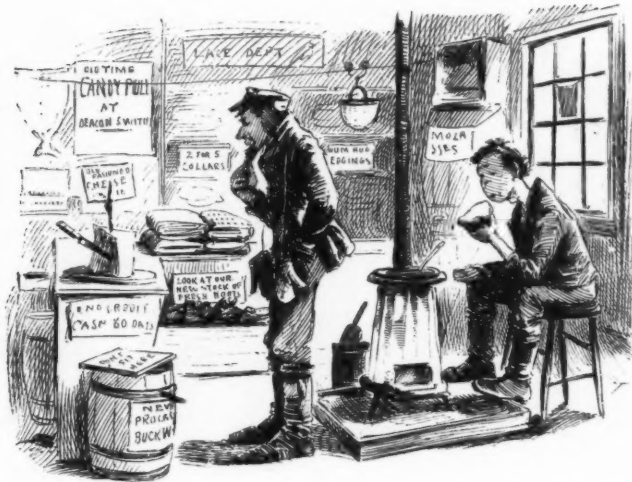
A WHALE-OIL dealer recently failed downtown. Or, in other words, he went up the spout.



A GLOOMY SUMMER BEFORE THEM.

PROPRIETOR.—I have procured a complete stock of medicines, gentlemen, and should any of you be taken suddenly ill while the base-ball season continues, you will not need to go home, as I can prescribe for you myself right here on the premises.

THE REASON I RESIGNED.



J. P. HARDSELL, who kept the village store, said he could not tell from a mere cursory glance at me whether I would make him a satisfactory clerk or not; but that he would try me and give me five dollars per week, if I thought I would like the place. He did not offer as much by twenty dollars a week as I wanted, but I accepted.

Hardshell had a farm as well as a store, and during the day the bulk of business was thrown on me. It was annoying to my finer feelings to have to sort the odoriferous musk-rat skins we took in trade, delve among the codfish, and then go to the lace department and be gay and debonair in the presence of fair women.

Getting two gallons of thick molasses in a jug with a little mouth in midwinter is no fool of an undertaking, but calls for a high order of intellect. When I had to draw two gallons of molasses, I would cut off a pound of cheese and get out a scoopful of crackers, and lunch while the order was being filled. I was very successful as a luncher. The proprietor noticed the steady decrease in the visible supply of cheese and crackers after I came and began to draw molasses. He called my attention to it, and asked me if I had opened a new line of trade in cheese and crackers, and I said I had. That seemed to satisfy him, and after he had gone out I cut off another pound of cheese.

In a few weeks business brightened up a little, and I had to work more than half the time. That was more than I had expected, and after some trouble I induced Hardshell to hire another clerk.

He was a pale, nervous, harmless-looking young man by the name of Andrew Jackson McGolliper. I divided the work with him. I let him sort the odoriferous muskrat-skins, delve in the codfish, attend at the lace-counter, and draw the tardy molasses, while I ate the crackers and cheese and fresh layer raisins. McGolliper was an obliging sort of young person, and would sometimes, when his own work was done, come and help me with mine.

I never knew a man so afraid of burglars as McGolliper was. He would sleep with a pistol and the cheese-knife under his pillow, and a big club by the side of his bed. And at night, before we retired, he would hunt through the newspapers for deeds of blood and burglary, and read them to me, and I would try to laugh away his fears and tell him how I would dispose of a room full of burglars single-handed, if I could once get the chance.

One night, some time after I had retired, I was disturbed by a startling clatter down in the storeroom. I shook McGolliper awake after several efforts, and asked him if he would be kind enough to go down and see what was the matter; but he declined to do it. This surprised me, as it was the first time I had ever known McGolliper to refuse to do me a reasonable favor. He suggested that I should go down, as I held the more responsible position in the store; but I refused, not that I was in the least afraid, but because I was perspiring freely, and did not want to run the risk of taking cold.

The racket went on at short intervals through the night, but McGolliper seemed oblivious of it. I did not sleep a wink, being easily annoyed by any unusual noise during the night. In the morning I discovered that McGolliper had tied a string to a bunch of tinware, and taken it through a hole in the floor to his side of the bed, and had pulled the string during the night to shake the tinware, and thus "amuse me," he said.

McGolliper did not look like a person who would do a mean thing like that. I did not forgive him for days.

When Hardshell bought a new safe, I had the hardest time learning the combination, and if any thing flurried me, I could n't think of it at all. The thing almost worried me into a decline; even the crackers and cheese were neglected for a time.

When I awoke one night and saw a masked and muffled man standing near my bed, and pointing a long and dangerous-looking pistol at my head, I was somewhat disconcerted. McGolliper had gone to a dance early in the evening and left me alone.

"Get up and open the safe!" said the burglar, in a deep, ugly tone of voice.

I said I did not remember the combination; but the burglar seemed to think I should try, and to be impatient about it; so I said I would try, just to oblige him. When I attempted to put on some clothes, the night being extremely cold, he objected, pushing his pistol nearer my face, and I went down without dressing. I was not particular about it, only I thought the man would not be so much embarrassed in my presence if I were dressed.

The burglar sat down on a nail-keg, with his back to the stove, put his candle on the counter, pointed his ugly pistol at me, and simply said: "Open it!"

Well, I could n't think of one number of that combination. I must have been nervous. It was bitterly cold over in the corner where the safe stood, but that heartless man kept me there shivering and fooling with the lock till daylight. Then he took off his mask, and I saw that it was McGolliper. I also saw that what I supposed to be a dangerous pistol was only the cast-iron grate-shaker. I was mad enough to kill McGolliper, and I have often wondered that I did n't. I certainly would if I had thought of it; but I suppose I was too much excited.

McGolliper was the last man I would have picked out anywhere as being capable of thus taking advantage of the accommodating spirit of a personal friend. The coolness that sprung up between him and me that night continued until he left the store for new fields of labor.

One morning, while drawing a gallon of molasses, I became deeply interested in a novel in two volumes, and along toward the middle of the afternoon, when a patron came in and called my attention from the adventures of a solitary horseman I was after to the molasses I was drawing, I discovered that the fool barrel had emptied its entire contents on the floor. I had never known molasses to run so freely in cold weather as it had that day. It was three inches deep around me, and still rising. I waded out, pinned my resignation on the door, and went away. I had drawn my salary a week in advance, but I let that pass.

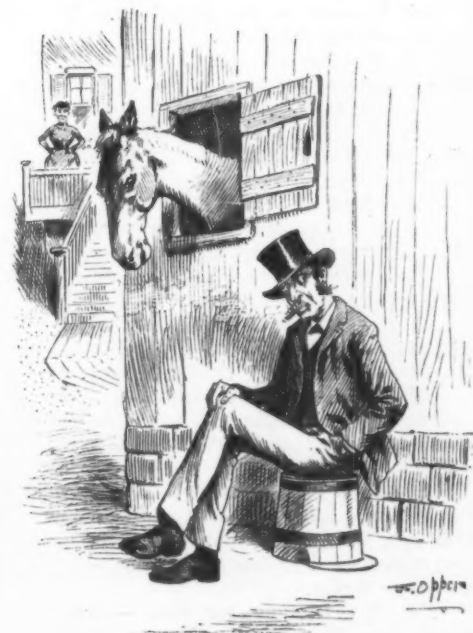
Scott Way.

IN FRANCE the law requires that dealers advertise adulterated goods as such. In this country there are no laws for the benefit of newspapers.

JUST AS OF YORE.



When he was a boy, he had to do all his smoking behind the barn, for fear of his father.



Since he is married, he has to do all his smoking behind the barn, because his wife won't allow him to smoke anywhere else on the premises.

HOW WE CROSS BROADWAY.



How Aunt Lorena from the Country Crosses.



A Prudent Man.



The Man Who Tries to Get Run Over with an Eye to a Suit for Damages.



The Man Who Loses His Presence of Mind.



How the New York Gamin Crosses.

NOT EASILY DECEIVED.

YOUNG PHYSICIAN (*to patient*).— Let me look at your tongue. H'm, troubled with dyspep—
 PATIENT.— Not a bit. I can eat sole-leather.
 Y. P.— Let me feel your pulse. H'm, wakefulness at night.
 P.— Sleep like a top.
 Y. P.— Let me see your tongue.
 H'm, dizziness and pains in —
 P.— Nop.
 Y. P.— Let me feel your pulse.
 H'm, easily tired, with an indisposition to mental exertion of any —
 P.— Nop.
 Y. P.— Let me see your tongue.
 H'm, headache and stiffness of the —
 P.— Have n't had a headache in twenty-five years.
 Y. P.— Let me feel your pulse. H'm, you are using too much tobacco.
 P.— Never touch it in any shape.
 Y. P.— Let me see your pulse — er — I mean your tongue. H'm, too much confined to your desk. You need fresh air and —
 P.— I'm a letter-carrier.
 Y. P.— Let me feel of your tongue that is, I should say your pulse. H'm, you have a tired feeling come over —
 P.— Never.
 Y. P.— Let me see your — never mind your tongue — feverish at times, with a constant desire for water.
 P.— No; beer.
 Y. P.— Do you drink beer?
 P.— Oh, yes.

Y. P.— To excess?
 P.— No.
 Y. P.— Tell me, how many glasses a day?
 P.— Sometimes more and sometimes fewer.
 Y. P.— I thought so. We members of the medical profession are seldom deceived in our diagnosis of a case.
 P.— Am I in any danger, Doctor?
 Y. P.— No immediate danger; but it's lucky you called me.

ON A STRIKE.

"My dear friend," said a tract-distributor in a lager-beer saloon, "I am an humble worker in my Master's vineyard, and —"

"Well, what are you doing in here?" demanded the "dear friend." "Are you on a strike?"

THE MOSQUITOS are so large in a certain town on Long Island that a bald-headed resident keeps them off in church by wearing a base-ball catcher's mask.

AN AUTHORITY says, "the head as well as the hands should be used when playing base-ball." The head *is* used. It stops many a ball.

THE POLICY-SHOP clerk is the boy who lisps in numbers.

A THING THAT should be more to the point is an expressman's pencil.



IT WAS THE CAT.

FATHER (*irascibly*).— Who's got my boot-jack?
 CORA (*smiling archly*).— The cat.

SPRING.

THE TRAMP REJOICES.



SPRING! 'Tis now the spicy Spring
That calls me forth to wandering—
To rural peace—nomadic ease—
'Mid flow'ry meads and shady trees.
From out the baleful city slum
With jocund heart to-day I've come.
The Winter, aye my mortal foe,
Is fled with all its train of woe.
Farewell the barbed boreal blast;
Farewell the long distracting fast;
Farewell the scorn, or rank abuse;
Farewell the rough, inhuman use;
Farewell the unæsthetic bed
Where I've been wont to lay my head.
Farewell the fearful howling dreams;
Farewell the Socialistic schemes—
The desperate thoughts of arson, loot,
With bloody massacre, to boot.
Farewell the gnawing, deep despair;
Farewell the wild and haggard air;
Farewell the suicidal mood,
The child of dark vicissitude.
In fine, the climax for to top,
Farewell the Justice and the "cop!"
They're past. And now, all hail, O Spring!
That doth to me such largess bring—
The smiling country open—free,
That ever seems to welcome me;
The balmy zephyrs from the West,
The sweet impromptu nightly nest,
Or in the hay-tick, or the grass;
The crystal river for my glass,
(Though fain am I for to confess
I'll seldom need its aid to dress);
The chicken-broil within the wood—
Good scotch! but how it will be good!
The roasted pork in rustic hall,
With apple-"sass"—not bad at all;
Or else—where'er the lord's away—
The dole of cash and raiment gay;
The grateful draft of rum and gin,
Or even beer, at village inn;
The calm siesta in the shade,
The song of bird or milking maid,
The active brain—the lusty limb,
The eye no longer bleared and dim,
The mind released from every care,
The aspect calm and debonair;
In fine, the sense of freedom and—
Dominion almost o'er the land!

F. Munan.



A TRIFLE NERVOUS.

YOUNG LADY.—Why, Mr. Slim, you are surely not afraid of a thunder-storm?
MR. SLIM.—Afraid? Er—ah—no, not afraid, but only anxious about the property.



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. XI.

"Well, this is what I call rough! Here's my poem rejected by *Barker's Magazine*. I don't understand it. I got all my rhymes out of 'The Rhyming Dictionary; or, the Poet's Guide to Immortal Song.'"

IT DEPENDS.

A civil judge has decided that the violin is "a valuable musical instrument." This depends largely upon who owns the violin. In some men's hands it is only an infernal nuisance.

"OH, DEAR, hear the frisky little seersucker sing!" exclaimed an enraptured youth, with spring-fever.

"The what?" asked his companion.

"The seersucker."

"You mean the sapsucker, don't you?"

"Yes," replied the first, blushing right to his Greek roots, "but you must excuse me, I am now in the dry-goods business."

A WRITER REMARKS that "the world is full of smiles and tears." How true this is, gentle reader! It was only last evening that we saw a gentleman indulging in smiles preparatory to going off on a tear.

WHEN A NEW summer-hotel comes out with a card saying it will not be completed by the time advertised—for months—to open, and that it would rather face a big loss than monkey with the health of its patrons in rooms newly plastered, but that it will open with extra frills next year, then you may bet all you own that that hotel has not had a single application for a room since it commenced advertising itself as the finest resort on earth.

OLD FOLK'S FASHIONS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

NOW DOETH the country prelate begin to complain of ill-health, and work the Palestine cough for all it is worth, which is probably a trip to Asia Minor.

Our *Country Home* tells us that halter-broken calves are the best. The same may be said of halter-broken murderers.

WE HEAR a great deal of talk about the consumption of fish. We wonder they don't try cod-liver oil.

A MOSQUITO RECENTLY broke his probe off close to the hilt while attempting to bore through a portrait of a bald-headed individual.



DOLLY—I have n't been consulted about this!

FIZZIC.



H the apothecary,
He doth reason well;
Times are dull in Mantua,
Poker debts are hard to pay;
Poison I must sell!
Oh, the apothecary,
With his soda-fountain!
(Heaps of money countin',)
Still with motive mercenary,
Motive sly and fell —
Poison he doth sell!
John Van de Bogert.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

JACKY WAS ABOUT as old as you, and one day he came in from the rink very thoughtful and reflective. He had fallen down.

"Mama," he said; "I'm tired of living in this nasty old place. I want to go to Europe."

A slight flush of pain passed over the mother's wan features, but she hid it from her only son.

"I want to go to Europe," repeated Jacky, impatiently; "don't you hear?"

"Very well," answered the mother, anxious to indulge her little pet in everything; "you shall, lambie. Go and have nurse tie on your cap and tippet."

So, that evening, when Papa came in, he found them ready to take the family carriage for the wharf where the great steamboat lay. He could not refuse Jacky; he sent his dutiful love to the Queen, and that night sat down alone to his dreary supper. But away down in his man's heart there was a strong love for children that must be satisfied; and, now that his little son was gone, he planned a month's campaign with some other boys he knew.

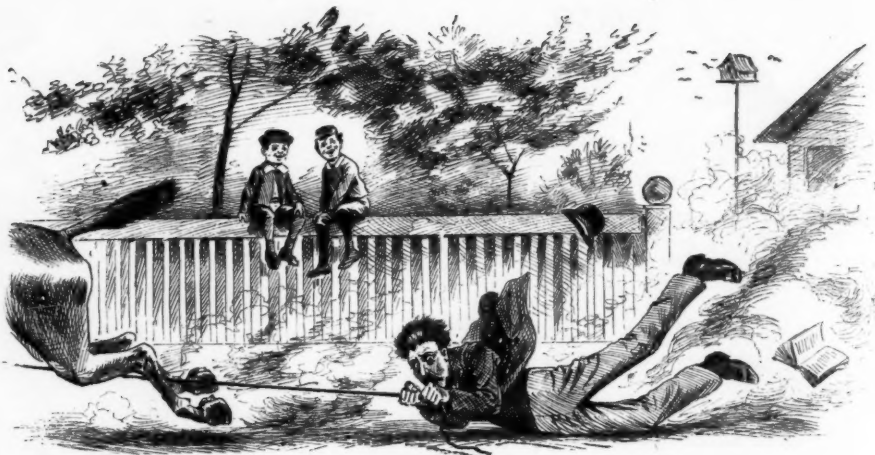
"Oh, oh, Mama!" cried Jacky, when they were far out on the green billows: "I want to go back! I want to go back!"

The good woman no sooner heard these words than she flew to the Capt and told him all. The Capt was a true gentleman. He immediately ordered the helm to be put hard astern, in order that the gallant ship should "come about," as the sailors say.

[This part of the tale is too long to put into juvenile style. It will suffice to know that the skipper ran up every rag of sail the old tub would stand, jammed her square in the wind's eye, and made such lightning, U. P. time that if any craft could have sailed fast enough to get behind her, it would have certainly observed a very clean pair of heels. Meanwhile the Capt returned to his duty of piping all hands from grog; for he was a temperance man. The hands, however, declined to be piped. Gentlemen who ship as sailors are not so simple as Judge Story was wont to imagine.]

It was only the next night after they had set out that Jacky and his mother returned.

Jacky was very glad to get back to his nice, comfortable home; but he was so busy



THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. XII.

"I ought to have hired a man to break this colt. 'The Peerless and Perfect Horse-Trainer's Hand-Book' is no good."

in his childish sports of slapping the nurse and waking up the cat, that he neglected to say so. The mother keenly felt the omission. When she had put him to bed, tucked him in and said his prayers for him, she yearned to hear his childish thanks.

"Lambie," said she.

"A-ha!"

"Has n't Mama done all she could for her little lambie? Has n't she, Jacky, lambie?"

"Lambie! Guess you could 'a' done more for lambie without hurting yourself!"

A smile of joy passed over the mother's wan face.

"I think so, too," she said: "but perhaps one other instance of a mother's devotion may touch your heart. See, Jacob — I will not call you lambie if it pains you — I have a present for you. Perhaps it will prove a surprise."

"Let's have her!" cried Jacky, standing up in bed with boyish enthusiasm, and making a grab at the package: "Give her here!"

"I will not give you all to-night, Jacob."

"Well, you will, now!"

"I won't give you all to-night," — here she took out a costly two-dollar rawhide — "but I will give you a nice taste. The gift concert and *soirée dansante* will now begin. For an elegant combination, I suggest that you give us a song and dance."

Williston Fish.

THE LATEST modern improvement in Kentucky private residences is a dumb-waiter to the cellar.

WHEN the scales fall from a man's eye, he ought to be able to see a long weigh.

CARBOLINE is something for raising the hair, but it is no improvement on poor Lo's method.

COCK-FIGHTS GENERALLY terminate on the spur of the moment.

NEXT TO the city editor of a great morning daily comes the editor-in-chief.



THE COBBLER'S SOLILOQUY.



HERE 's nothing like shoe-making
In city or in town,
Because while you are working
You 're always sitting down.
The sailor 's always
climbing,
In rain-storm and in
sun;
And then, you know,
the postman
Is ever on the run.
At night doth rise the
drug clerk,
The festive pill to
make;
At that time the car-
driver
Doth hav. to turn
the brake.

The "peeler" climbs up stairways
The burglar for to scap,
And if he's captured sleeping
It is a great mishap.
Then let me be a cobbler,
And if the day is long,
I spend the day a-sitting,
And sing my little song.
The banker is a gambler,
The preacher is a clown;
Oh, let me be a cobbler,
Who 's always sitting down!

A SAFE SKIPPER.

IT was the trial trip of Dr. Jones's new yacht. The wind was rather fresh. Dr. Jones was in the cabin with some friends. Young Briggs was on deck talking with the sailing-master. The water was spilling over the rail, and washing the deck with spray.

"Is this boat safe?" asked Briggs, timidly.
"I should say it was, sir; safe as a crab in its hole."

"Well," pursued Briggs, nervously: "The boat may be safe, but is Dr. Jones a good yachtsman?"

"That he is, sir. Why, do you know, he

emptied a whole case of 'Extra Dry' last night? He 's an accomplished yachtsman. He 's fit to be a commodore."

"Yes, I know about the wine, but you will pardon me if I am a little nervous about our safety. You say we are safe, and yet Dr. Jones never comes on deck in stormy weather to manage the boat himself."

"Yes," replied the skipper curtly: "that 's the reason there 's no danger."

A SUCCESSFUL SCHEME.

NOT long ago a zebra was standing outside of a circus. He called a small boy up and said:

"Won't you please count my stripes and tell me how many there are? I am very superstitious, and would like to know. I have often tried to count them myself, but I can't see back far enough. I have counted up to twenty-four, and then my eyes were so badly strained that I had to get into my natural position."

The boy started to count; but before he got to three the zebra had a sort of sudden muscular contraction in one of his hind-legs, and the boy passed out of sight.

Then the zebra called the proprietor of the show over, and said:

"I am a successful zebra, for I just palmed myself off on a little boy with whom I am personally acquainted, and he never recognized me as his uncle's old buff mule, Mike; and I don't believe the public will ever see through me. I shall be more successful in deceiving the public than your Irish Sandwich Islanders. But I'll tell you what you'd better do. You had better

SADDER THAN THE WAVES.



A represents a little boy who was supposed to be at Sunday-school.
B represents an irate mother.
C is a sort of Chevaux-de-Frise.
D is a Chevaux-de-Warm.

have Hussey take the marking-pot and blacken my stripes, because they have faded out a little since yesterday, when I was caught in that thunder shower in Altoona."

But the "zebra" never knew that he kicked the little boy right into the circus until he saw him from the ring while he was performing one of his marvelous feats on a red-white-and-blue barrel.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PATENT-INSIDES.

[These notices will be found thoroughly trustworthy, and may be safely used by any country weekly.]

Elder Casey's wife had a chill last Thursday.

Old Mrs. Gower had a sick headache the day before yesterday.

Rev. Brother Stiles left for New York yesterday on the 10:40 train.

If you want a nice-fitting, easy set of teeth, go to Barker, on Main Street.

The Presbyterian Church has postponed its strawberry festival until the 25th.

Selectman Mugg had his hair cut last Thursday, at about five in the afternoon.

Prayer meeting night will be changed, after this week, from Tuesday to Thursday.

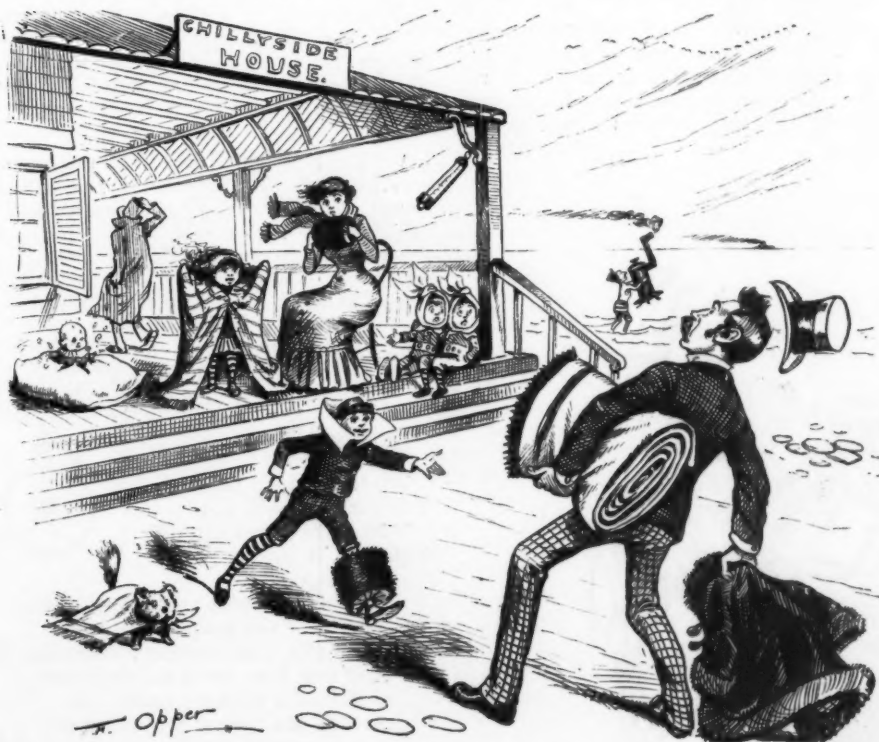
Miss Mary Jones, of Lumbertown, is visiting her cousin, Lou Snyder, in Pell Street.

A good second-hand piano for sale cheap at B. Niess's oyster-house, in Clark Street.

Johnny Smith is home again. His short visit to his aunt Jane at Mugtown has done him good.

The social event of Quogue next week will be the marriage of Miss Mamie Schott to Col. Whitley, of Jonestown.

ANOTHER RESCUE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



TIMELY ARRIVAL OF PAPA TO TAKE THE FAMILY BACK TO TOWN.

BRAVE BRADY.—A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

HUMAN NATURE, high and low, rich and poor, shows certain points of resemblance wherever we may roam. A party of us drove in from the head-water of the Caché la Poudre a few years ago, and the coach-driver we had hired for the trip was a little wiry Irishman whose trans-Missouri name was Finecut Brady. He was a quiet little fellow, weighing about 113 pounds without his revolvers. He was about the only meek appearing Irishman that I ever had seen. While we were in camp, or on the road, we could make

Finecut do anything for us, and some of the boys got to imposing on him, I thought. Coming up the steep and dizzy road that leads out of the Valley of Poudre across the hills toward Diamond Peak, we saw half-a-mile up the hill, in a turn of the road, a large man coming on a buckskin mule.

Finecut saw him and recognized him, apparently; for, very much to our surprise, he handed the lines to me and said:

"Here, William, steer these Cayute brutes up the hill, while I assassinate that man, will you?"

"Certainly," said I: "any time you see any thing along the road that you want to kill, just hand the ribbons to me and I'll do the heavy driving."

Finecut took out his revolver, looked it over to see that it was in shape, and then put it back in his pannier. By that time we were within fifty yards of the solitary horseman, and I was a little nervous when I saw that he was a big fierce-looking kind of Captain Kidd, who could take two such weasels as Brady and thump their heads together.

We tried to pacify Finecut, but he was wild with passion. He was a perfect cyclone of wrath. He got down from his seat and hailed the stranger with a perfect deluge of profanity. It made my blood run cold; and a friend of mine in the party, who had been a policeman for some years, and was, therefore, unaccustomed to danger in any form, crawled under the seat. I said:

"Brady, you little mosquito-brained Irish annex, for heaven's sake take one of your size."

We all tried to call him off, but it was of no

use. He was determined to kill the stranger, and told him to draw his gun.

"Pull your weepson, you blankety blanked liar from up the goolch," said Brady: "a-r-r-m yourself and shoot your dye-stooff, you cowardly freak of nature, while I ventilate your immortal soul. Come down off that yaller mool and get yourself mizzured for a funeral-sermon, you automattick horse-thief of the wo-rld. I've been lookin' for you, lo, these minny days. Why don't you lave yourself down aff that buff mool, you entillictooal phenomenon, till I lave the daylight in your diafram!"

The man seemed thunderstruck. He muttered something or other, but we could n't hear what it was. Brady saw that he was n't armed, and with a final threat to shoot him on sight if he did n't take back what he had said about him, Finecut came back and climbed into the wagon. We drove on at a trot and every body hove a sigh of relief. As I looked back, the black-whiskered stranger still sat on his mule in the road without a sign of moving on. He seemed to have been paralyzed with fear.

I knew Finecut for years after that, but I always called him Mr. Brady. He drove us out to the mountains after that many times, but we never allowed ourselves to impose on him. We used to vie with each other trying to win Mr. Brady's esteem. If he had asked me for ten dollars, I would have loaned it to him just as soon as I could find a friend who would let me have it. He could have got any favor out of me after that little incident in the cañon.

Last Summer I was again riding in the same locality with the sheriff, not through any fault of my own, however, when all at once we met the solitary horseman that Brady had cowed and bullied years ago on that identical road. He was mounted on the same *écru* mule. I was afraid he would recognize me as an accomplice of Brady's, and load me down with reproaches and lead; but he did not. He rode silently by, not even returning the sheriff's salutation.

When he got past and out of sight I asked the sheriff who that was.

"That man on the yaller mule? Don't you know him? Why, that's Minkins, poor cuss! When the resurrection comes off, Gabriel will have to raise Minkins by hand."

"Why?"

"Oh, he got mixed up with a premature blast on the Comstock in an early day, and that's the last noise he ever heard distinctly. Paralyzed his hearing and talking outfit. I should n't be surprised if Minkins missed the resurrection altogether."

BILL NYE.



MASKED AND UNMASKED.



'Twas at the latest masquerade
I lost Belinda's hand;
The trick that she upon me played
Is easy to understand.

She told me I might meet her there,
But not in fancy rig;
I'd know her by her raven hair—
She'd wear a brunette wig.

Belinda's blonde and fair as May;
So when I reached the ball,
I recognized her right away,
In spite of mask and all.

But when the time came to unmask,
Oh, how my head did whirl!
What was the matter? Do not ask!
I had another girl.

Belinda wore her own true locks,
A perfect golden yellow;
And sat all evening in a box,
Along with the other fellow.

THE YOUNG man of to-day, who is a respectful listener when questions of literature, history or political economy are up for discussion, becomes a conversational leader the moment baseball or yachting is introduced.

THE CHAMELEON'S chief claim to attention lies in the fact that it can change its color. But in this respect we can not see how the chameleon pales the mutability of the average American politician.

WE HAVE often been asked why the cucumber is called cool. We suppose it is so called because it appears cool when compared with the excitement of the other fellow.

SONG OF THE 'CYCLYST'.

"Farewell to winter, cold and dread,
To snow and blow and icicle,"
Exclaims Adolphus, in the shed,
A-scrubbing up his bicycle:
"Oh, soon I'll push o'er dusty
street
This thirty-inch 'Superior,'
And paralyze each maid I meet
With grace of my exterior;
And they'll not guess now, I
dare say,
In their intense enthrallment, oh,
That I for this machine do pay
On plan that's called installment, oh,
And that from seven till six I stand
Behind a ribbon-counter, oh,
And all the time at my command
Is morn and night to mount her, oh."



E. Y.

NO OTHER Life Policies as liberal
cost as little money, no others as cheap
give as much for the money, as those of

THE TRAVELERS

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Best either for Family Protection or Invest-
ment of Savings. Non-forfeitable, world-wide,
lowest cash rate.

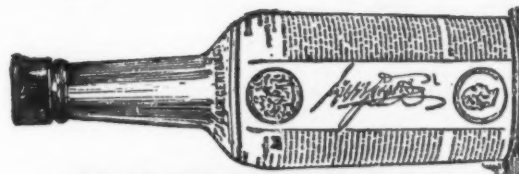
All claims paid without discount, and imme-
diately on receipt of satisfactory proofs.

ASSETS, . . . \$10,383,000.
SURPLUS, . . . \$2,041,000.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

RODNEY DENNIS, Sec'y.

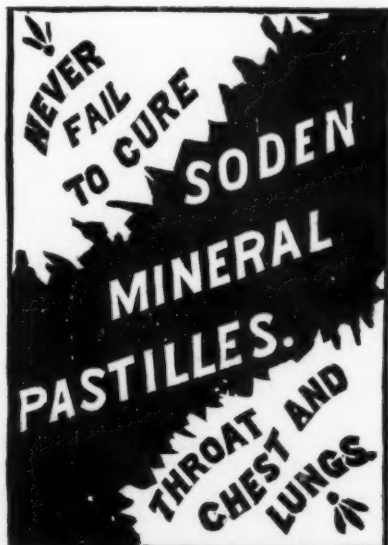
ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the
whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders
of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a
glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of
counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article,
manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.



SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
SMALL BOXES, 25c. LARGE BOXES, 50c.



SHREWSBURY TOMATOKETCHUP.

A TABLE LUXURY.

*The first Tomatoketchup placed on the market,
made entirely from ripe, unfermented
Tomatoes.*

The finest table condiment ever introduced; its
rich and spicy aroma satisfies connoisseurs, and its
delicacy of flavor makes it popular with ladies and
children. Guaranteed to keep in any climate.

E. C. HAZARD & CO.,
117 & 119 Hudson St., Cor. North Moore St., New York.
FACTORY: Shrewsbury, N. J., near Long Branch.

ALL the "Crops" of
Pickings from Puck
ARE CONSTANTLY KEPT IN STOCK.

Either of the "Crops" (1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th or 5th) can ALWAYS
be obtained. Your Newsdealer, if he has it not on hand, will order it
for you, or you may send 30 cents to the publishers, who will send it
by mail. Four "Crops" by mail, \$1.00.

Address, THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK,
NEW YORK.

THE CITY BOARDER THINKS HE WOULD LIKE TO CHURN.



"Looks easy; guess I'll try it!"



"Talk about gentle exercise — I'll do this every day!"



"Seems to go a little hard — wants oiling, I guess!"



"Don't see any butter there yet!"



"No confounded churn can get the best of me!"



"I'll bring that butter or die!"

ADVICE TO YOUNG POETS.

THE obvious advice to a young poet is:
Never grow older. Die now.

But they won't take this bit of good counsel. It falls on their ears as ineffectually as the dew of heaven falls on the arid sand of the desert, or as a hungry tramp on an exhausted free-lunch.

Recognizing this fact, which has been impressed upon us in the course of a long professional experience, we have determined to give a few hints to the poets who want to get into print, and who only get into the waste-basket. You will observe that these poets always talk about hard-hearted and unappreciative editors, who don't know their business; and about mysterious "rings" that keep the young contributor out.

We deny that there are such things
As rings.

Your stuff goes in the basket with the waste,
Because it is n't to the editor's taste.

And he is generally right. You don't have to read your own verses; you only write them. Thus you never realize the suffering they may inflict.

Young poets, you are off the correct track — far, far off. The trouble with you is, you don't know your market. You don't know how to peddle verse. You send your poems to the wrong publications, whereas:

It is a wild, weird, fleshly caper
To grind out stuff that does n't suit the paper.

For instance, if you write a funny poem, don't send it to the *London Punch*. This is the simplest instance we can give; but there are others. Memorize this:



"Take your old churn!"

If on a dog-fight you've a poem resplendent,
Don't go and try it on the *Independent*.

Now, that's a thing to remember. But of course you won't remember it. The next time that a grand poetical thrill goes shooting up your vertebral system, you will give in to the divine afflatus and let your soul forth in an ode to the champion bull-dog, and warble:

O Dog,
With eyes of gog—
Gle. Know you not it is against the law
Your brother dog to chaw?
Know you not 't is wrong
To bark the victor's song?
To whoop like to our country's eagle
The while you masticate the beagle?
To think all pleasure's past if
You let up on the mastiff?

And then you'll send that in to the *Independent* or *Christian Union*, and sit around and watch it slowly sailing down the dull stream of oblivion like a chip in a gutter full of molasses.

That's one mistake you make. Then you go and send such things as this to a temperance paper; and you look surprised when they come back to you with a total-abstinence tract:

May wine
Is a day wine
Big.
White wine
Is a night wine—
Twig?

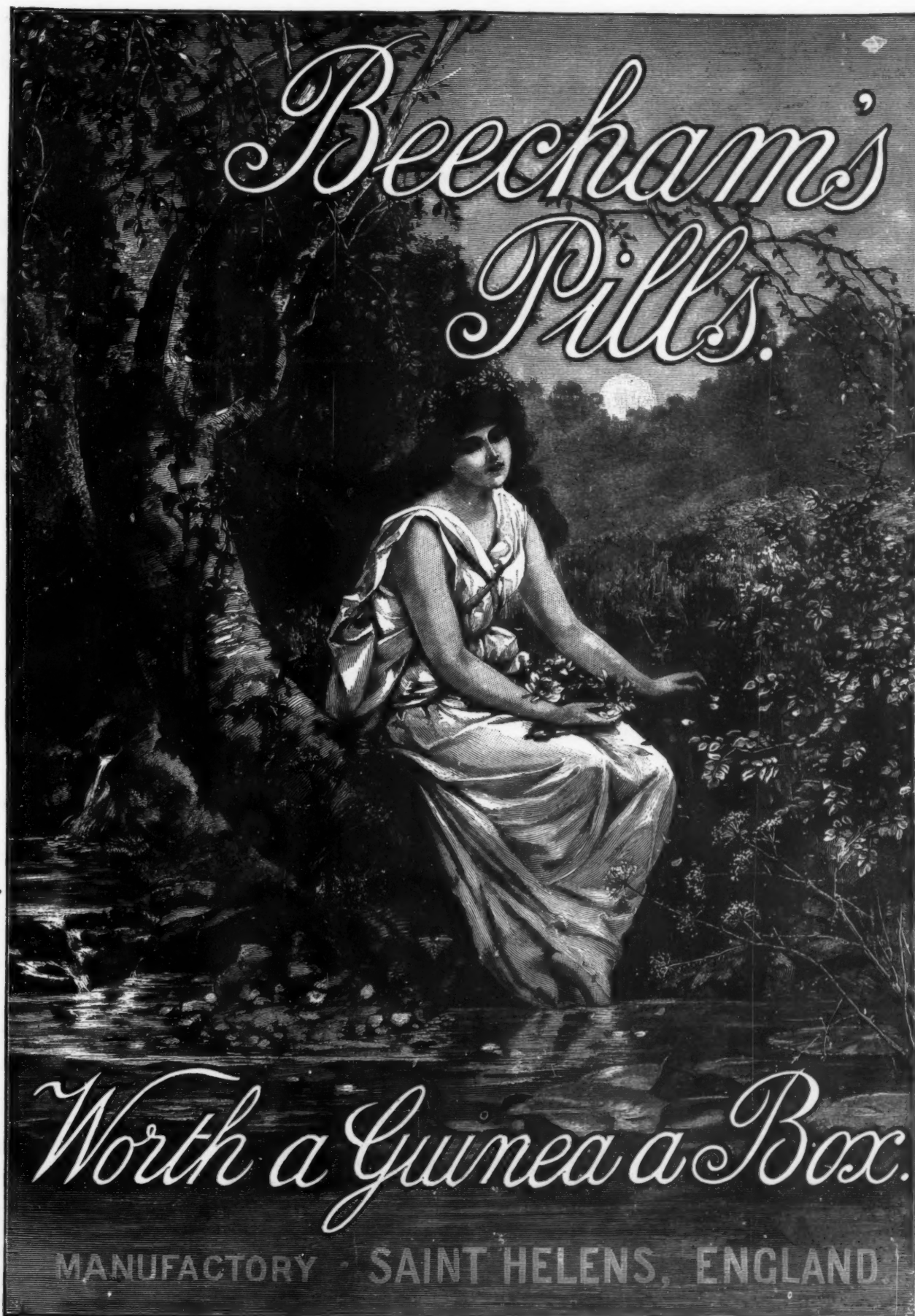
Of course, whenever you get off a brilliant epigrammatic gem of wit, you send it to a daily paper, and then have a good time hunting all through the paper, including the sextuple-sheet advertising supplement, to find that it has n't been printed. This is all wrong:

The brilliancy and wit of Douglas Jerrold
Is wholly wasted on the *N. Y. Herald*.

Of course, you can't see the great principle of the fitness of things. You can't be expected to. You are only poets and can't reason. But we should think that you would know enough, when you write such a poem as this:

Urged by Peeler 3,120's billy,
Little Willy,
With his young, yet bulging brain mixed up with
golden hair,
Has climbed the stair.
Now he, perched on a rainbow's top-edge sharp,
Twangs a harp,
And he yearneth, while above him a large variety
of clouds drip damp,
For a gamp.

To send it to the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and not to PUCK, as you are sure to do.



*Beecham's
Pills.*

Worth a Guinea a Box.

MANUFACTORY · SAINT HELENS, ENGLAND

To thoroughly enjoy the beautiful in nature or in art, one must feel well; to feel well one must thoroughly digest his food, and to aid a weak stomach in the performance of its functions frequent doses of Beecham's Pills will prove invaluable. This great remedy has been before the public in England for half a century. It is undoubtedly the most marvelous antidote yet discovered for bilious and nervous disorders, and is a specific for sick headache, indigestion, and disorders of the liver. For sale by druggists generally. B. F. Allen & Co., 365—367 Canal St., N. Y., are sole agents for the United States, who, if your druggist does not keep them, will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price, 25 cents a box; but please inquire first.

OUR YOUNG FOLK'S CORNER.

(Conducted by Aunt Louise.)



SWALLOW-TAIL AGENCY, DAKOTA.

Dear St. Christopher:

Papa is an Indian Agent out here; you know what that means. We don't see much of the "red devils," except when we peep through a fence with the soldiers. We ought to give them the blankets the U. S. sends, but Mama cuts them up for uniforms for Papa. If you make money enough to come out here on a cattle train, we will show you lots of Indians who will say "how-de-do" just like the dude captain, and ask you to "set'em up." This is Indian for drink. They used to put whiskey-bottles on the graves, but the soldiers stole them. So they only put empty ones there now, and that's why the soldiers shoot them.

Affectionately,

Bessie and Jo. S.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

My Dear Sir or Madam:

I am the father of seventeen children and four wives (husband to the latter family), being a Mormon. I write you this for the sake of my children, knowing what an interest you take in such.

When my first and third go out visiting, my second and fourth (the second was mother-in-law, or something like that, to the third before marriage) evince a disposition to do likewise. I have been obliged to lock them in my room to prevent this. But they howl so that my children are frightened to death. What remedy can I apply?

Respectfully, Madam or Sir,

Judah Young.

[We read the above with cold disdain, and look with tearful eyes toward the stuffed bird of freedom above the dry-goods box on which we are writing. But woman should plead for woman. When the first (A) says to the third (C) that the fourth (D) is jealous of the second (B), you should drop A over the baluster and break her neck; then tell A, or rather B, to tell C that B—we mean D—oh, fix it yourself. — Aunt Louise.]

SEVEN-UP GULCH, COL.

Dear Chris.:

Such a funny thing happened here yesterday that I want your young friends to read about it. Papa shot the editor of our paper while playing cards. The jury acquitted Papa because, while both held four aces, Papa was dealing, and out here mistakes count in favor of the dealer. Mama feels very bad, of course, for Papa had to shoot twice.

I can ask for more sugar in three languages — English, American and the Gulch dialect.

With love,

Carrie Farrington.

NEW YORK.

My Dear St. Christopher:

I read a story in your last number about a goat that could climb a tree. We have a parrot that can talk. The other day he cried out: "Georgie, squeeze my hand." Papa's name is Georgie. Mama was awful angry; but Papa said she had taught her kenicky bird to take the spare change out of his pocket at night, and she ought to call things square. Mama has relented, and has n't hit Papa with the stove since last Friday.

Your constant reader,

"Busy-Bee."

[We have received others too late for insertion.]

De Witt Sterry.

THE BOOK-AGENT is generally known by his trade-wind.

EVERY RUSSIAN takes his tallow-dip occasionally.



ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

"Excuse me, sir, but I just vacated that seat for this lady."
"That's all right; she's my wife."

PUCKERINGS.

If JOSEPH should appear in his famous coat of many colors in New York, probably somebody would ask him how the races went at Sheepshead Bay.

CORDELIA. — The inelegant expression, "By Gum!" is not really profanity. It is not known where it originated, several purists disagreeing as to its origin. Some think it an expression peculiar to Vassar and other colleges for women — vulgarly called female colleges — where the chewing-gum habit exists. Others claim it is a phrase used by postmasters to express their feelings on being obliged to lick all the stamps they sell and affix them to the envelopes.

BENT, NOT BROKEN — The Boy Who Has Succumbed to the Elastic Influence of the Cholera-Bullet.

A NEW CYCLONE sweeps clean.

A CHROMO is known by the tea it sells.

"LET HER SLIDE" is the motto of the bandana; but "there's no use of talking" is not the motto of womankind.

A PEDESTRIANESS in Boston has lost the race on account of a sprained ankle. She has "imperfect terminal facilities," like the St. Louis railroads.

"OLD BLUE CHINA" is said to be getting very scarce in London, but skillful workmen in Paris are doing all they can to make good this sad deficiency.



CONNAISSEURS.

"Say, Bill, this ain't no Sunday-school picnic; there's real oysters in this pie!"

EL TELEGRAFO.

KEY WEST
HAVANA CIGARS
White Label Size.

(TRADE-MARK REGISTERED.)

FINER AND LARGER THAN EVER BEFORE, WITHOUT
ADVANCE IN PRICE.

MANUFACTURED BY

CELESTINO PALACIO & Co.,

FERDINAND HIRSCH, Sole Proprietor.

FACTORY: KEY WEST, FLA.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM, No. 2 BURLING SLIP,

NEW YORK.

SULLIVAN, DREW & CO.

LEADING IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FRENCH

MILLINERY GOODS

600 & 602 Broadway, New York.

THOS. SULLIVAN,
JAMES DREW,

JOHN DUNPHY,
J. GEO. JOHNSON.

A DESPATCH FROM Tombstone says: "The Apaches are hard-pressed." That is all right. We want them hard-pressed until they are a yard-and-a-half wide, and a thirty-second of an inch thick, so that they can be made up into a wall paper.

YOUNG GIRLS and murderers like to skip the rope.

STEINWAY

GRAND PIANOS * UPRIGHT PIANOS

The recognized Standard Pianos of the world, pre-eminently the best instruments at present made, exported to and sold in all art centres of the globe, preferred for private and public use by the greatest living artists, and endorsed, among hundreds of others, by such as:

Richard Wagner,	Theodore Leschetizky,	Rudolph Willmers,
Franz Liszt,	Moriz Rosenthal,	Carl Baermann,
Anton Rubinstein,	Conrad Anserge,	Carl Wolfsohn,
Hector Berlioz,	Franz Rummel,	AND BY MESDAMES
Felicien David,	A. Marmontel,	Annette Essipoff,
Charles Gounod,	William Mason,	Anna Mehlig,
Ambroise Thomas,	S. B. Mills,	Marie Krebs,
Theodore Thomas,	J. Moscheles,	Adele aus der Che,
A. Dreyschock,	Albert Niemann,	Adelina Patti,
Stephen Heller,	Nicola Rubinstein,	Etelka Gerster,
Adolph Henselt,	Camille Saint-Saens,	Teresa Titiens,
Alfred Jaell,	Anton Seidl,	Parepa Rosa,
Joseph Joachim,	W. Taubert,	Minnie Hauk,
Rafael Joseffy,		Emma Juch, etc. etc.

Illustrated Catalogues mailed free on application.

STEINWAY & SONS,

Warerooms, Steinway Hall, 107-111 E. 14th St., New York.

THE LATEST thing in angling is the artificial rat instead of ordinary bait. An artificial rat fixed on a good big hook ought to be a fine thing for a man to use at midnight for the purpose of landing his neighbor's noisy cats.

THE GREAT beauty of the city flat is that it does n't cost the tenant half his income to keep a lawn clipped.

It is very wrong to keep a murderer cramped up in a small cell. He should be given full swing.

WHAT IS the meaning of "rococo," Adelbert? Why, rococo is a beverage used extensively in Siam, made from the fruit of the rococoanut-tree.


A NEW YORK man is forming a stock company to draw rain by art from the atmosphere. Before investing very much money in this scheme, we advise our readers to examine carefully his line of sample showers.

It is bad enough when a young man's sister takes his high hat when going for a horseback ride; but when she calmly appropriates his base-ball mask for a bustle, she trifles with a brother's love.


On another page of PICKINGS
You will find a pretty Ad,
That of "ANGOSTURA BITTERS,"
The delight of son and "dad."

When your stomach's out of order,
When you've lost your appetite,
Run and buy a bottle of it,
Take it, and you'll soon feel right.

The best regulator of digestive organs and the best appetizer known is **Angostura Bitters**. Try it, but beware of imitations. Get from your grocer or druggist the genuine article manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S Steel Pens.



For Fine Writing, No. 303, 604, 1. For Ladies, No. 170.
For General Writing, 404, 332, 390, 601 & Falcon—878, 908.
For Broad Writing, 294, 389, 849. Other Styles to suit all hands.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS, 91 John Street, NEW YORK.
HENRY HOE, Sole Agent.

A REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER.

The Great Remedy in Consumption.



Scott's EMULSION
OF Pure
Cod-Liver Oil
AND
HYPOPHOSPHITES.
ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.
The oil is so disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it, without the slightest repugnance.
REMARKABLE AS A FLESH PRODUCER
PERSONS GAIN RAPIDLY WHILE TAKING IT.
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Is acknowledged by numerous Physicians in the United States and many foreign countries to be the **FINEST** and **BEST** preparation of its class
FOR THE RELIEF OF, AND IN MOST CASES A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, AND CHRONIC COUGHS.
For Sale by all Druggists. **SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.**

Invaluable in Scrofula and Wasting Diseases.

THE FINEST AND BEST.

THE TARIFF ?

Cartoons and Comments from PUCK.

Price, 10 Cents per Copy.

By mail, from "The Publishers of Puck,"
on receipt of price.

One evidence that the interest in Tariff Reform has not died out—not to any great extent—is the fact that for our little pamphlet, entitled: "THE TARIFF ?" there is still a lively demand. We have for that reason decided to keep it in print and on sale.

"A pamphlet with the title 'The Tariff ?,' consisting of cartoons and comments from PUCK, which has been issued by the publishers of that weekly, is valuable in the line of general information. For a clear and concise exposition of the working of the present tariff laws to the disadvantage of the consumer and the great majority of the people of the country, *this little book surpasses any thing we have seen.* The facts and figures given can not be denied, are convenient for reference and valuable for study; the cartoons are vigorous, and the comments clear and logical,—*Boston Times.*

DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

AN OVERSIGHT—Firing Above the Target.

A SKIN-BUSINESS—Selling Furs.

FROM TOP TO BOTTOM—A Land-Slide.

MAJOR PREMISES—The Colonel's Tent.

A COON SUPPER—A Negro's Evening Meal.

A HOWLING SUCCESS—March.

FOOTLIGHTS—Coryphées.

IN SO MANY WORDS—Everts.

LONG-WINDED—The Cyclone.

NET WORK—Drawing a Seine.

OVER YOUR HEAD—Your hat.

OLD FAVORITES—Jokes in *Punch*.

A MAN OF THE WORLD—Pulitzer.

BOUND IN RUSSIA—The Nihilists.

THE WIDOW'S MITE—One Third.

JUST FOR A LARK—Shelley's Ode.

MARKED FOR "LIFE"—The Dude.

A SAILOR'S KNOT—A Marine Mile.

BALLS AND CHAINS—Intemperance.

UNDER WATER—The Prohibitionists.

AFTER ALL, a good big healthy March cyclone is the thing to bring down the house.

A MAN MAY only wear a hat that is not paid for and be over his head in debt. N. B.—This is from the Chinese.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WIFE (*looking up from the paper*).—That's a book I'd like to read—"Old Wells Dug Out," by Talmage. It must be splendid.

HUSBAND (*who is an agnostic*).—No doubt of it, my dear; that's just about what he's fit for.

CHINESE and Japanese girls are named after some botanical object, and the scheme, it is believed, will soon become popular in this country. If it did, we might look for Miss Orange Blossom, of Indianapolis, going to Boston, and coming away from there Miss Citrus Aurantium; and this would be even worse than the present style of nomenclature of the Mauds, Mamies and Flossies.

It is an old saying that what will cure one will kill another. This, of course, does not apply to the curing of hams.

"SOUP SHOULD NOT FORM THE WHOLE MEAL OR even a substantial part of it," says that autocrat of the breakfast, dinner and tea-table, *Marion Harland*, "but is the introduction to the ceremony of dining—the overture to the stately opera. The French never omit it. Their preliminary course is soup, light, clear, and varied in flavor and appearance." The reason why Americans are not more fond of soup is because they rarely taste it. Cooks that can make soup are almost as scarce as hen's teeth. If you want to know what soup is, try ours. First-class grocers, everywhere, join in the testimony to its superior quality.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consommé, Mulagatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken, Gumbo, French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Clam Broth.

Send us 14 cents to help pay express, and receive a sample can, your choice.

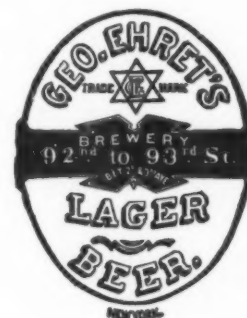
Franco-American Food Co.,
101 Warren Street, New York.

SUPERIOR NUTRITION THE LIFE. IMPERIAL GRANUM THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD

This original and world-renowned dietetic preparation is a substance of UNRIVALED purity and medicinal worth. A solid extract, derived by a new process from very superior growths of wheat—nothing more, and as a FOOD, potent for good and powerless to harm, it would be difficult to conceive of anything more wholesome and delicious. It has justly acquired the reputation of being the salvator

FOR INVALIDS AND THE AGED; an incomparable aliment for the growth and protection of INFANTS AND CHILDREN; a superior nutritive in continued fevers, and a reliable remedial agent in all diseases of the stomach and intestines.

JOHN CARLE & SONS, 153 Water St., New York.



292

Loaded With Illustrations: PUCK'S LIBRARY

10c. PUBLISHED ON THE 15th OF EACH MONTH. 10c.

- No.
1.—"The National Game." Being Puck's Best Things About Base-ball.
2.—"The Summer Boarder." Being Puck's Best Things About That Afflicted Creature.
3.—"Just Dog." Being Puck's Best Things About That Amosian Animale.
4.—"Hayseed Hits." Being Puck's Best Things About the Merry Rustic and His Ways.



- No.
5.—"The Funny Baby." Being Puck's Best Things About Our Household Angels.
6.—"Sassietty." Being Puck's Best Things About The World of Fashion and Frivolity.
7.—"Our Foreign Fellow-Citizens." Being Puck's Best Things About Americans of All Nationalities.
8.—"The Great American Boarding-House." Being Puck's Best Things About That Abode of Happiness.
9.—"Freddy's Slate." Being His Own Record of His Doings and Sayings.
10.—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Being Puck's Best Things About The Great American Traveler.
11.—"Shop." Being Puck's Best Things About The Busy World of Trade.
12.—"Suburban." Being Puck's Best Things About the Country of the Commuter.



- No.
13.—"Help." Being Puck's Best Things About The Great American Servant Girl.
14.—"Brudder Shinbones." Being Puck's Best Things About Our Colored Sassietty.
15.—"City Sketches." Being Puck's Best Things About The Merry Metropolis.
16.—"The Small Boy." Being Puck's Best Things About The Ubiquitous Younger Brother.

- No.
17.—"Is Marriage a Failure?" Being Puck's Best Things About Mothers-in-law and Other Matrimonial Matters.
18.—"Out West." Being Puck's Best Things About The Wild and Woolly Wilderness.
19.—"Chin." Being Puck's Best Things About Book-Agents, Barbers and Other Bores.
20.—"Hi' Art." Being Puck's Best Things About The Eccentric and Interesting Children of Genius.
21.—"Very Young Man." Being Puck's Best Things About That Fresh and Frolicsome Citizen.
22.—"Show Business." Being Puck's Best Things About Artists and Fakirs.
23.—"Best Girl." Being Puck's Best Things About Other Fellows' Sisters.
24.—"On the Road." Being Puck's Best Things About Travelers, Tourists, and Their Tribulations.

- No.
25.—"Out Doors." Being Puck's Best Things About Summer Sports.
26.—"Fly-Time." Being Puck's Best Things About the Torrid Term.
27.—"All At Sea." Being Puck's Best Things About Fresh-Water Fairies and Sad Sea-Dogs.
28.—"Snap-Shots." Being Puck's Best Things About Any Thing and Everything.

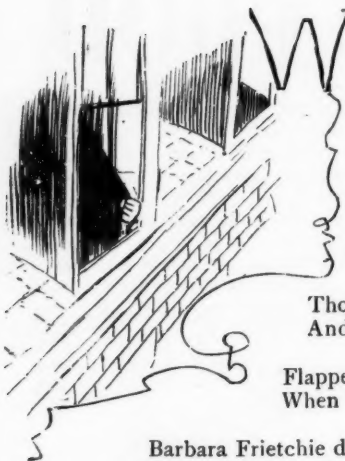


PUCK'S LIBRARY IS FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS. ANY ONE OF THESE ISSUES MAILED BY THE PUBLISHERS on receipt of price, 10 cts. per copy. Address, PUCK, N. Y.

"It is impossible to get so much fun in any other way out of ten cents as you can out of PUCK'S LIBRARY."—*Peabody Reporter*.

THE REVISED BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

(Viewed in the New Light Given Us By a Recent Contributor to The "Century's" War Papers.)



HEN over the mountains, riding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick Town,

The "rebs" marched over the mountain wall
With their usual clatter and usual gall,

Barbara Frietchie bedridden lay,
And knew no odds 'twixt blue and gray.

Whittier says not, but he did n't know —
(At least, so the *Century* war papers show.)

Though forty flags with their silver stars
And forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped all morning, and then came down,
When the hungry rebels came to town —

Barbara Frietchie did n't mind.
She could n't see 'em — being blind.

When up the street came the gray-clad boys,
She probably muttered: "Oh, drat their noise!"

And to Stonewall Jackson, riding ahead,
Never a syllable Barbara said.

She did n't lean out of her window-sill
To shake the flag with a royal will.

No! Barbara Frietchie, so they say,
Stayed in bed on that autumn day.

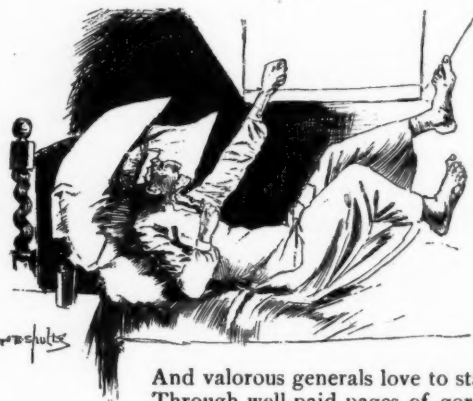
The "shade of sadness and blush of shame"
Which the poet alludes to, never came.

Therefore, the salty but well-meant tear
Will please cease falling on Stonewall's bier —

'T is twenty odd years since the fight was o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more,

But heros in blue and the same in gray
Love to tell of that awful day —

When hearing the conquering rebel tread,
Barbara Frietchie stayed in bed.



And valorous generals love to stalk
Through well-paid pages of gory talk.

Blood-red ink and fierce steel pen,
In the *Century*, meet and fight again —

Flag of freedom and union, wave
O'er the land of the true but inky brave!
W. C. EDGAR.



IN THE "400" AND OUT

By CHARLES JAY TAYLOR



"In the 400 and Out" is a book by CHARLES JAY TAYLOR, the inventor and delineator of the now celebrated TAYLOR-MADE GIRL, first introduced to a waiting world in the pages of PUCK.

THE COMEDY—"IN,"

is a collection of clever drawings and witty dialogues, skits on Fashionable and Would-be Fashionable Society. Showing the members of the "400" and their hangers-on and imitators in their native and adopted haunts, and exposing many of their harmless but silly fads, manners, customs, habits, hobbies, employments, enjoyments, sports, games and pastimes.

THE FARCE—"OUT,"

deals with that wide field of fun that is bounded only by a humorous imagination, and shows with free, broad strokes the comic side of unfashionable, every-day life.

All taken from more or less recent numbers of PUCK, and printed in the very finest possible style on heavy super-calendered paper, bound in board covers, cloth back.

PRICE PER COPY, ONE DOLLAR.

"In the 400 and Out" is for sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. It will be mailed by the Publishers to any Address on receipt of price.

GOOD FUN LASTS FOREVER!



"PUCK'S OPPER BOOK" is the latest pamphlet of humor issued from the office of the famous PUCK. Mr. Frederick Oppen is one of the very few genuinely comic artists in this country, and of this limited number he is probably the funniest. His pictures are funny enough to make a laugh come without the aid of letter-press. These drawings, reprinted from PUCK, form a handsome album of some of the drollest ideas that have flowed from Mr. Oppen's pencil during the past 10 years, and the person who pays 30 cts. for the "Book" will easily get his money's worth.—Norristown Herald.

Every Newsdealer sells "Puck's Oppen Book" at 30 cts. per copy. It is mailed by the publishers on receipt of 35 cts. "Puck's Oppen Book" in board covers, 50 cts.



Address all orders : THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK, NEW YORK.

